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Choice Poetry.

THE BLIND BOY.

BY THE REV. DR. HAWKS.

It was a blessed Summer day,
The flowers bloomed—the air was mild,
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And everything in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on,
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,
'Till suddenly I came upon
Two children who had thither strayed.

Just at an aged birch-tree's foot
A little boy and girl reclined,
His hand in hers she kindly put,
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near,
A tree concealed me from their view,
But all they said I well could hear,
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long;
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree."
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see!

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees!

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! *He* has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in Heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there all see—
But why ask me a thing so odd?"
"Oh, Mary, *He's so good to me,*
I thought I'd like to look at God!"

Ere long, disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild;
His widowed mother wept and prayed,
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, "Oh, never weep for me,
I'm going to a bright—bright place,
Where Mary says *I God shall see.*

"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too;
But, mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—
You *know* I never saw you here!"

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled
Until the final blow was given—
When God took up the poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes in Heaven!

Home Journal.

Original Novelet.

THE BELLE OF THE SPRINGS.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, AUTHOR OF "THE MOB CAP," "LINDA," &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

One evening, Mr. Rolland sat in the piazza, smoking his pipe, with one arm thrown around Grace, who endured occasionally the agonies of suffocation, rather than withdraw from the affectionate embrace that clasped her to a widowed heart. She deserved great credit, at this time, for her filial devotion, for she did not like the thought of Lorraine's perceiving about her the odor of the narcotic weed. She did not even like her father should smoke a pipe in his presence; but she knew she might as well ask him not to breathe, as not to smoke. Indeed she was so accustomed to see his fine, Roman looking head, looming through the blue mist of the curling smoke, in the calmness of evening twilight, that the wreathing vapor seemed a part of himself.

"Lorraine is a fine fellow," said he, rapping his pipe, with emphasis. "I say, Puss, I like Lorraine almost as well as Harry Blount. If he were not lame and sickly, I believe I would like him better. I have always set down Harry as you future husband, but if *you*, *too*, like Lorraine better, I don't know that I should object; only I would not like the idea of your being a widow, before you are old enough to be a wife."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Grace, covered with burning blushes, "don't talk in that way. Mr. Lorraine never thought of such a thing. He looks upon me as a child, a mere child. I don't want to be married to any one. I'll be like Miss Angelica Stafford, who means to be an old maid—"

"Old fiddle-stick!" interrupted Mr. Rolland; "when I hear a young girl declare she never means to marry, it signifies that she is ready to run off with the first fool or coxcomb that asks her. Don't talk such nonsense to me. I've no son of my own, and if you don't give me a son-in-law one of these days, I will adopt one myself, and make him my heir, too."

Pinching good-naturedly the scarlet cheeks of Grace, he released her from his arm, and she flew with the step of a liberated prisoner, down the path that led to the garden. The words of her father had awakened her from one of the sweetest dreams that the imagination of sixteen ever indulged in. She had looked up to Lorraine as a superior being, admired, worshiped, loved him unconsciously; but so immeasurably inferior did she deem herself, she would as soon have thought to see the radiant God of Day stoop from his midday throne and ask her to share it, as that he, with his lofty, cultivated mind, his glorious aspirations, his genius and knowledge, should think of laying the celestial gifts at her feet. As long as she saw him day after day, listened to his conversation, so beautifully metaphorical, read with him works of genius and feeling, walked with him beneath the magnificent chesnut boughs, and felt the very air embalmed by the breath of his almost divine wisdom, she was happy.

"It cannot always be thus," thought she.—"He will go away soon. He will forget there is such a being in the world as I am, and I—what a dreary blank the whole world will be to me."

Ah! simple Grace! little does she know yet of the dreary blanks that Time may leave in the heart. Why, here is but just awakened into being. Its capacities are in their dawning state. And if Lorraine does leave her, he cannot take away the intellectual life he has infused into her. The thirst for knowledge, the love of the beautiful, the yearning for the spiritual, the consciousness of immortality commenced on earth—these he cannot take away. He had found her a blank. He may leave behind him regret, sorrow, and even anguish for a while—but these are

"raptures to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemployed."

"Of what are you so deeply thinking?" asked a well-known voice, as she stood pulling the withered roses from a luxuriant bush. She did not look up, but an irresistible impulse led her to utter the simple truth.

"I was thinking of what I should do, when you left us."

"How kind," said he, taking her hand, and leading her to a rustic seat, shaded by the rose-trees, whose withered leaves lay scattered at her feet. "How more than kind, to bestow a thought on the poor invalid, who has found such a Paradise in your happy home. What shall *I* do, when I return to my dwelling place, after tasting here the sweets of social and domestic joy? I am the last of an ill-fated race, that one by one have fallen victims to the fell scourge of the Northern clime."

Grace looked at him with wondering sympathy.

"My mother," he continued, "was a native of the North. She bore from her ruder latitude the seeds of consumption in her bosom, and transmitted them to her offspring. Two brothers died in childhood. My mother, one of the gentlest and loveliest of human beings, after lingering for years, with the shadows of the grave darkening around her, lay down to sleep by their side. My sweet sister, in the bloom of sixteen summers, followed next, leaving me the last of a doomed family—a frail leaf on a trembling and withered bough, waiting the blast of destiny to sweep me away."

Grace bowed her head to hide the tears that rained down her cheeks. Pity, awe, despair, succeeded each other in her bosom. The earth, the green, beautiful earth seemed transformed into a grave-yard, where Death rioted at his ghastly banquet. She murmured at the decrees of that Providence, which could doom one so pure, so good, so gifted as Lorraine, to an inexorable destiny. The emotions, which a little while before had sent the warm blood to her cheeks with tidings from her young and bashful heart, were congealed by the reflections called up by the melancholy recital.

Sixteen years!—just her own age! How awful to die so young! She thought of her own rosy youth and glowing health, and though Death seemed a mighty shadow rolling at an immense distance, the possibility of its approaching her, even in life's bright morning, sent a shiver through her veins. She lifted her tearful glance to the face of her companion, and in the pallid, transparent, faintly colored cheek, the dark, resplendent eyes, which, though so near, seemed shining from afar, like the stars of Heaven, full of deep, mysterious meanings, she read the doom of his race, and felt that his prophecy would be fulfilled.

Then she thought of him as dead, so cold and still, that the bright sun would never warm, the breath of Heaven never fan him more; that pale cheek paler still, those star-like eyes quenched in everlasting night—and that pure, radiant mind whither, oh, whither would it wing its viewless flight? "To God, who is our home!" But in what part of the illimitable creation was the home of that Being, "in whom, and by whom and through whom are all things?"

"I have made you sad," said Lorraine, "and I grieve for it. But you must not feel sad from sympathy. I am reconciled to my destiny—at times I rejoice in it—when loved ones have gone before it seems very easy to follow. Shall I tell you of a dream of mine? I dreamed it before my mother's death, and so far it has been strangely fulfilled. I am not superstitious, but 'coming events do sometimes cast their shadows before.' I should not, however, speak of shadows, for my dream was so bright, the shadows of the dark valley melted away before it."

"I would not like to believe in dreams," said Grace, sighing, "but I am anxious to hear yours. Tell it if it will brighten the gloom of the present moment. I do indeed feel very, very sad."

"We had better change the subject," said he, "I am wrong and selfish to depress you so. How beautiful are those opening roses, curling their sweet lips as the zephyr passes them in its flight. If God had made but one such flower to gladden our eyes and breathe its moral into our hearts, we could trust Him as a God of love."

"Your dream," repeated Grace. "I am listening for it. I can look at the flowers at any time."

"After the death of my two young brothers," continued Lorraine, "my mother, following the advice of her physician, took my sister to the —— Springs, those very springs where we first so lately met. There her languishing health seemed to revive, and she wrote me to come and bathe in those delicious waters, which she called the Bethesda of the South. One night, during her absence, in the depth of my sleep, this dream came upon me.

"It was about sunset, just such a soft, calm hour as this, and I walked abroad, attracted by a path I had never seen before—so green, so quiet, so sequestered, I wondered to what scene of beauty it might lead. Just as I entered it, I met my young sister coming smilingly and joyously towards me.

"'Yes,' said she, 'brother, let us walk together. Is not this path lovely? It leads to the tomb of our brothers. The setting sun will shine gloriously upon it.'

"She took my hand, and we walked silently, but not sadly along. I could see the white tomb seemingly approaching us, with here and there a golden ray sparkling on the marble. Roses just like these blushed by the way side. My sweet Leila gathered them as we walked, and pulling off the petals scattered them in my path, looking all the while up in my face with such an earnest, loving look, I could not help pressing her against my heart that ached from excess of tenderness. Just as we reached the tomb a burst of sunlight mantled it, as with a glory.

"'But where is the key?' said Leila, 'we cannot enter. I promised my brothers to come to-night.'

"I thought her words were strange and began to feel glad that there was no key to the vault. Night was coming on, and I thought the air would be damp and chilly there.

"'Here is the key, my son,' said a low, solemn voice by my side.

"I turned and beheld my mother. Her face was white as the marble, or rather it resembled an alabaster vase with a lamp shining through it, it was lighted up with such an intense radiance. She held in her hand a golden key, with which she opened the gate of the tomb. Slowly she passed down the marble steps, beckoning Leila to follow, who seemed to glide away from me, still scattering rose-leaves from her fading hands. I was just about to cross the threshold, when my mother looking back upon me with a languishing smile, waved her hand with a gentle motion, and the door closed. The next mail brought me the tidings of my mother's death. She died on her homeward journey, and her remains were brought and deposited in the family tomb. It was not long before Leila lay down by her side, and my hand scattered over her flowers such as blossomed in my dream. On her death-bed I told her of my vision, and she turned upon me that same earnest, loving look I never, never could forget.

"'It was a sweet dream,' said she. 'My little brothers are asleep. My mother rests at their side. I am going. You are coming. We will all meet soon.'

"Those were her last words. They were not sad, they were consoling. Neither was my dream a sad one. The green path, the scattering roses, the golden key, the smiles, the brightness, do they not all inspire beautiful ideas?"

She could have answered as Lenore did the Phantom Horseman, in the beautiful German Legend.

"Oh, yes! but talk not of the dead"—but she only said, "Beautiful."

The twilight was coming on. To her its shades had never seemed so gray, its dews so chill.—They walked on in silence towards the house—she thought of the walk in the green path, in the dream of Lorraine—she had some roses in her hand, whose leaves she unconsciously scattered at his feet. Struck by the coincidence, as she saw them fall, she looked up in his face with the same wistful, touching look he had been describing. He noticed the resemblance and looked down upon her with indescribable tenderness.

"My Leila lives again in you," said he, "but you, I trust, have a long and bright career before you. Never may you have cause to weep but for the sorrows of others."

That night she wept long and bitterly over the remembrance of his. She wept to think there was so much sorrow and suffering in the world. She wept to think the same blight might fall on herself. She could not sleep, but rose and looked out upon the stars flashing on the dark background of a moonless sky. So deep, so bright, so intense they shone, she almost imagined them the eyes of Lorraine, by some divine multiplication sparkling there to tell her of the secrets of eternity. That night was the dawn of her spiritual existence. Lorraine had previously awakened her mind and heart. Now a new life was begun—an inner life—a life for which there *is* no death. It was no longer as a warm-hearted girl, who feels for the first time "the strong necessity of loving," that she now loved Lorraine. She knew that he must die, and earthly love seemed sacrilegious. But to look up to him as her spiritual guide as well as her intellectual Mentor, to worship him as her guardian angel, to adore him as a tutelary divinity, this was not forbidden her, and for this she would henceforth live.

Mr. Rolland, good, honest, warm-hearted, excellent man that he was, when he once conceived an idea, wanted to see it carried out at once. Having a most superb contempt for nonsense, he had as superb an admiration for the character of Lorraine. He had fixed his heart on Harry Blount for Grace—but if Lorraine should ask for her, he had made up his mind not to refuse. To be sure he was lame; that was a pity; and he was too pale and too delicate; but if Grace was willing to put up with such defects, in consideration of his noble qualities, the denial should not come from him. He wondered the young man was so backward. He and Grace, every day, when the sky was fair, took long walks together, and sat for hours in the arbor at the end of the garden; and they talked together, (what could a young man and young girl find to talk so much about, if it was not love?) and they read together. Still Lorraine came not to him, to say—"Give me your daughter, for I love her." He observed too, a change in Grace, so gradual, so gentle he could not date its commencement. He felt, rather than saw it. Her laugh was less gay and less frequent—her steps more subdued—her eyes more thoughtful and serious. She was more affectionate and tender than ever to himself—more kind to others, more forgetful of herself; but still he feared she was not happy, and that Lorraine was the cause. He determined to sound the depth of the young man's heart. If he did not love Grace, (and if he had so little taste, he deserved to be banished to the frozen regions of Nova Zembla,) they should not be so much together, endangering the interests of his chosen son-in-law—Harry Blount.

"Grace does not look as blooming as she used to," said he to Lorraine; "I wonder what is the matter with her. She is not so gay, or so lighted either."

"Those who think deeply, are seldom very gay," answered he.

"There is no use in girls thinking too deeply," said the father. "It does them no good. There is no use in their reading too much—it makes their eyes dull. Not that I want my girl to be a fool; by no means; she always was smart. Miss Wilson, though she did serve her such a shabby trick at the Springs, is a very superior woman, and was a first-rate teacher—she never neglected Grace. I don't say but that she is improved since you knew her—she converses better, she appears more womanly—but some how or other, she is not the same playful little puss she used to be."

"She is more interesting to me than ever," replied Lorraine. "She has lost nothing of simplicity and candor, while she has gained the riches of feeling, of thought. I hope—I trust she is not less happy, because less gay. Happiness is an inner feeling. The world seldom knows the sources of deepest joy."

Mr. Rolland gave his pipe such a quick, sharp rap on the window-frame, it is a wonder that he did not break it in a thousand pieces. He was vexed at the calmness and philosophy of the young man.

"I tell you she is not happy," said he, in a raised tone; "her merry laugh used to ring through the house like a silver bell. She always went with a hop, skip and jump; she was as full of mischief as a kitten; she was the life of the house. I don't like the change. I say again, I don't like the change."

The clear, bright eye of the planter fixed sternly on the pale face of the young man. That pale face became illumined by a hectic flush—

"If you think, sir, the companionship of one so grave and sometimes sad as myself, has cast a shadow over the sunshine of her spirit, it shall be withdrawn at once. I would not make so ungrateful a return for your hospitality to a stranger."

"Then you don't love Grace!" exclaimed Mr. Rolland, with characteristic bluntness.

"Love her!" repeated Lorraine; an expression of bitterness darkened his countenance—his lips quivered with agitation. "Love her!"

"Yes—love her! What upon earth have you been thinking of all this time? 'Walking and talking, and sitting in arbors, and pulling flowers to pieces, and all that sort of nonsense.' I don't know what business a young man and young girl have to be together so much, if they are not thinking about love. I know if I had not been willing to have you for a son-in-law, I would have soon put a stop to it. But it is no matter. Harry Blount is the boy for me, after all."

Taking his red silk handkerchief from his pocket, he wiped the moisture from his forehead. The good man was really angry. He read nothing but scorn in the bitter tone of Lorraine—the curl, the quiver of his expressive lips. He walked across the room with short, quick steps, with his hands behind him; then stopped and taking up the tongs put them down again with emphasis.

"Mr. Rolland," said Lorraine; his voice was so low, so sweet, yet so sad, it irresistibly softened the father's anger; "Mr. Rolland, I fear I have acted wrong. I have been selfish, and regardless of consequences. An invalid from my cradle, and bearing in my bosom the germs of a fatal and hereditary malady, it would be madness in me to think of uniting the fate of a bright and joyous being with mine. It would be worse than madness; it would be sin. It would be entailing on others, the sufferings I myself endure. When I first saw your daughter, so artless, so innocent, so ignorant of the ways of the world, in the midst of art and worldly wisdom, I was charmed at once by the sweetness and freshness of her character; the eagerness with which she sought instruction, the confidence which she reposed in me, the unprotected situation in which she was placed—all deepened the interest she inspired, and drew more closely the bonds of intimacy already formed. You urged me to accompany you to this domestic paradise; I could not resist the temptation—I have been but too happy. Love her! Never brother loved a sister with deeper affection. Never friend cherished for another, more true or pure regard. Never man looked upon woman with more admiring tenderness. She is the personification of all that is most lovely and innocent and true. She is formed to be the angel of a happy home. As for me, my home is the tomb—where brothers, mother, and sister await my coming."

The color came and went upon his cheek with electric rapidity. He was leaning upon his crutch, his eyes cast down, so that the long lashes threw a shadow on the flitting bloom. As Mr. Rolland looked upon him, a mist gathered over his sight—he felt the bitterest self-reproach for his harsh words. His warm, large heart yearned over him—going up and laying one hand on his shoulder, he tried to speak, but there was a choking in his throat that would not let him.

"I am sorry for you," at length he said. "I am blunt and rough, and deserve to be hung for having hurt your feelings. Never mind it—you are a fine fellow—you will be better presently—you are not going to die, no such thing. You must travel,—exercise—give up your books and live in the open air, feed on goats milk—we have plenty of goats,—live on fruit—we have plenty of fruit. Talk with Grace, as much as you please,—if it is a comfort to you—only don't make her gloomy. I do love to hear her laugh—the puss—here she comes."

Grace came in, looking more like the bright and blossoming being, the thoughtless child, whose highest ambition was to be the Belle of the Springs, than she had done for many weeks.—She had been gathering arbor-vitæ and cedar leaves, to decorate some vases, and finding the stems too rough for her fingers, she had turned up her white muslin apron and converted it into a temporary bag. She had torn the muslin, so that the green, peeping through here and there, gave her the appearance of a reckless school-girl. Her bright hair was disordered, and pushed back from her brow; her cheeks were glowing from exercise. As she advanced into the room, Lorraine lifted his eyes and fixed them upon her, with an expression she had never seen before.—She felt the electricity in every nerve, her hands dropped the gathered muslin, a shower of green fell round her on the carpet.

"Oh! don't stoop," said she, as he came near and attempted to assist her,—"don't stoop, I pray you, let me do it."

"I may at least do this for you, Grace," said he. He placed the leaves in her hands, she felt his own tremble. Wondering at his unusual agitation, she looked towards her father, who had a warm, troubled appearance. Lorraine left the room and wandered out among the thick chesnut trees that stretched far beyond the grove that encircled the house. He felt as if he could not breathe any where but in the open air. Never had he felt before the full bitterness of his destiny. He thought he was reconciled, resigned to an irrevocable decree. He thought he was willing to live unloved,—to die alone. He never dreamed of exciting any emotions in the female bosom, save esteem, pity, sympathy. He had been deeply interested in Grace. Her girlish beauty, her confiding innocence, her unaffected humility with regard to her own intellectual powers, her exalted estimate of his, her unobtrusive kindness, and more than all, the gradual development of her mind and heart under his daily and increasing influence, had engrossed, without his consciousness, almost all his thoughts. It was sweet, it was soothing to meet her soft, welcoming glance, and sweeter still at night to linger on its softer, farewell beam. This was pity, sympathy, friendship—any thing but love—the love from which he was forever debarred.

The conversation of Mr. Rolland was startling, painful, decisive. He must go; the shadow of his fate must not darken that happy household. The silver laugh of Grace should once more gladden her father's heart. He was a Jonah, who must sit alone, under his withered gourd, and not convey his blight elsewhere.

"Yet, oh! that I dared to love her," murmured he, as prone on the ground, beneath the trees he lay, pressing his forehead against the bark, to still its throbbings, "oh! that I dared to take advantage of the good man's kindness and try to win that guileless, trusting, loving heart!" He thought of his dream, of his mother's beckoning hand and languishing smile. "Never will I place this sweet flower of youth and love, among the withered grave-blossoms of my hopes. I will go; I will take away the darkness from her youth, the shadow from her household."

The tempest of passion once aroused in a mind usually serene, is oft-times fearful in its strength. Long did Lorraine lay prostrate under the chesnut boughs, wrestling with his own heart, while Grace looked with tearful eyes from her chamber window, wondering at his absence, and watching his return, and Mr. Rolland full of remorse for his ill-timed remarks, walked about the yard like a troubled spirit.

The next morning, after a somewhat silent breakfast, Mr. Rolland went as usual to attend to his plantation. He made no allusion to the scene of the preceding evening, but treated Lorraine with more than usual kindness and consideration. His countenance, every time it turned towards him, said as plainly as words could speak it, "Poor fellow, I am so sorry for you!"

Lorraine and Grace were left alone together. For the first time they felt a mutual embarrassment. She saw that something had disturbed the calmness of his spirit, and felt an intuitive conviction that it had reference to herself. He remembered the conflict of the night, and the sacrifice he was about to make. He took up a book, as he was accustomed to do, to read aloud, while she pursued her morning work. Grace tried to listen, but she knew he was not thinking of the words that fell low and musical on the ear, and giving up the effort, the work hung idly in her hands. At last he shut the book and laid it on the table.

"It is useless to defer it," said he, "I must leave you—I made my arrangements last night to go this morning. If I live I will one day return to Chesnut Grove."

"Going!" she exclaimed. Every drop of blood left her cheeks and lips. "Going!" She tried to repeat, but instead of the words, there came a passionate burst of tears. Lorraine took the hand that lay in her lap; the other covered her weeping eyes. The paleness of sorrow extended even to that trembling hand,—its rosy palm was wan, and its warm surface chill as marble. "Going!" It seemed as if her death-knell was ringing, so sad, so desolate was the sound.

"Grace, dear Grace! do not weep. I never can leave you if you weep thus. I must—I ought to go; but do not let me go with the conviction that I leave you less happy than I found you; that I have saddened you by my melancholy wisdom. Oh, how precious has been your sympathy and kindness! How dear will be its remembrance! In loneliness, in sorrow, in death itself, it will remain to cheer, to hallow and to bless. Grace, you have made life too dear! I thought I was willing to die. God forgive my self-delusion! God forgive my rebellion to His will! I must leave you, or I shall carry remorse into the bosom of eternity!—Grace, I must leave you; it is madness to stay."

But even while he repeated again and again, "I must leave you," he clasped closer and closer the trembling hand, that no longer felt like marble in his grasp.

"No, no!" cried Grace, "you must not, shall not go, when we all love you so dearly!—When you have no one at home to love you as we do, to care for you as we do,—oh, it is cruel, it is ungrateful to leave us!"

Lorraine must have been either more or less than man, to maintain his self-control when thus addressed by lips so sweet and artless. He forgot all his self-sacrificing resolves—all his hard-learned lessons of prudence, disinterestedness, and wisdom. For the first time in his life, he abandoned himself to the impulse of passionate love. Grace was in his arms, on his heart, in his heart, and life, health, joy, hope, heaven was there, too. He was well—he was strong.

"I love you—I love you!" he exclaimed, unconscious of the words he uttered. "Love gives me life—it gives me immortality!"

And Grace, looking up into those radiant eyes, beaming with immortal love, his face seemed to her the face of an angel.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

☞ Why is a bird a greedy creature? Because it never eats less than a peck at a time.

Pictures of Life.

THE SMITHS OF SMITHVILLE, AND THEIR ADVENTURES WITH A ROBBER.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

The Smiths of Smithville had for a long time been very much annoyed by the depredations of some unknown individual, whose confused ideas concerning the rights of property led to the frequent abstraction of divers goods and chattels from the premises of the said Smiths, in a furtive and mysterious manner. Bags of wheat and oats vanished from the granary, pork from the cellar, and corn from the crib; in one night a sheep that had just been slaughtered coolly trotted away, and on another occasion, several gallons of maple syrup evaporated in the night time. Milking stools went off on three legs, and one morning Mr. Smith's best axe was found to have "cut stick." Log-chains became rattle-snakes and crept off, iron wedges made splits in the Smith property, boots walked away, and *jack* rode off with the *saw horse.*

Vain were the efforts of the elder and younger Smiths to discover the mystery of these disappearances, and to entrap the offender. Despairing of bringing him to justice, the Smiths found they could do nothing more than take measures to insure the safety of *their* property. Accordingly they built a new granary, with strong walls, a narrow grated window, and a heavy oak door, to which was attached a formidable padlock. This prison-like portion of the barn was built sufficiently large to allow the Smiths to lock up with the grain a great deal of portable property, such as was most likely to tempt the cupidity of thieves.

After the granary was finished, a month passed, during which time the depredations of the robber or robbers were confined to the orchard and hen-roost; when, late one Sunday evening, the elder Smith, as he was sitting tipped against the kitchen wall, smoking his pipe, preparatory to his retiring, bethought him that he had neglected to lock the granary before leaving the barn. This was by no means a singular circumstance, considering that the granary was usually locked by the younger Smith, who had that night "gone a courting."

It was a moonlight evening, and Mr. Smith on approaching the barn was considerably startled at seeing the door ajar. Certain of having shut the door an hour previously, Mr. Smith thought of robbers. His suspicions were confirmed, when, on a nearer approach, he plainly heard a movement in the barn. Too cautious to endanger his life by bodily attacking the robber, Mr. Smith, with considerable trepidation, resolved to watch his movements and discover who he was.

Looking through a crack in the east side of the barn, he saw a dim, ghost-like figure glide across the floor towards the granary. A happy thought entered Mr. Smith's brain. Stealing into the barn, he crept silently along by the mow, until near the granary, when—clap!—he shut the door, adjusted the padlock, turned the key and was off as if for his life!

It is impossible to say what made Mr. Smith tremble so. It might have been the smothered cry of alarm which issued from the granary walls, and rang fully on his ears—a cry well calculated to awaken superstitious fear. But Mr. Smith never owned that he was frightened; although on reaching the kitchen, he was as white as a ghost, or as ghosts are supposed to be.

"What is the matter?" cried Mrs. Smith.

"I've caught the robber!" ejaculated Smith, in a breath.

"He's locked up in the granary. Give me my boots!"

"Why—what—what are you going to do?"

"Get help! He's a desperate fellow, and 'twill be dangerous to meddle with him alone!"

It is impossible to describe the excitement of Mr. and Mrs. Smith on that memorable occasion. The latter took it upon herself to load the old musket, while the husband went for the neighbors.

Mr. Smith exchanged his slippers for his boots, and ran fast to Deacon Naffles's house, where he expected to find the younger Smith, who was courting Naffles's daughter. He was surprised to see the house all dark—as if the Naffleses had retired to rest and blown out the candle. He knocked, however, furiously as the occasion required. After some delay, Deacon Naffles came down in his night clothes, stared at Smith in astonishment, and demanded his business at that time of night.

"Caught the thief—locked up—in the granary—where's Increase?"

"Ha! caught a thief!" cried Deacon Naffles, who, having lost some property, as well as his neighbor, was interested in the intelligence. "Good enough! keep him till morning!"

"'Twont do!" replied Mr. Smith in an excited manner. "He's a desprit fellow—break out—I must rouse the neighbors—where's my son Increase?"

"Oh, Sally is sick to-night—so Increase courted her only about an hour, and went home."

"Went home?"

"Yes," said the deacon, "half-an-hour ago."

The elder Smith clapped his hand to his forehead, as if he had been struck either by an idea, or some other weighty substance.

"Gracious!" he exclaimed.

"What!" asked the deacon.

"I believe," stammered the elder Smith—"I—I have locked up—"

"Who?"

"*Increase!*"

"I bet you have!" cried the deacon. "I heard him say he had got to carry the buggy-cushions into the granary before he went to bed."

"Look here," whispered the elder Smith, "I beg of you never to mention this—I—I—if it should get out—"

"Oh, I'll keep the secret!" interrupted the deacon, trying to preserve a becoming gravity. "The joke is safe—and I'd advise you to hurry home and let out Increase."

The elder Smith turned on his heel and vanished—feeling very weak—probably from the effects of the excitement he had undergone.

Let us now look in upon the younger Smith, who was actually shut up in the granary. It is impossible to describe his rage on finding himself thus entrapped. After shouting until he was hoarse, and nearly deaf, he closed his teeth angrily, and sat down on a bag of meal to wait the result.

Increase had not long been in this dark dungeon, before he heard a noise in the barn. Supposing it was the old man, who, having discovered his error, was coming to liberate him, his anger evaporated, and he could not help laughing at the ludicrous mistake.

But there was a mystery about the sounds he heard, which caused the younger Smith to doubt whether they were made by his father, after all. He listened. They turned the key cautiously in the lock. Slowly, stealthily the door opened, while Increase scarcely breathed. Somebody entered noiselessly, touched young Smith's shoulder as he passed, and began to explore the further part of the dungeon. Increase dropped on his hands and knees, and, taking advantage of the noise made by the robber, crept out. Then, to shut the door and lock it, was the work of a moment. Somebody was locked up.

Listening a moment, and hearing no sound, Increase became firmly convinced that *he* had committed no error, but caught a real thief, and went immediately for assistance.

Shortly after, very much ashamed of his mistake, the elder Smith sneaked into the barn, and approached the granary. It is necessary in this place, to observe that the elder Smith had locked up his son with the key which belonged to the granary, and which he had carried away with him, and that Increase locked up the thief with a false key, which the latter had brought with him, and carelessly left in the lock, on entering the granary, and which the younger Smith had carried away.

And now the elder Smith made haste to open the door.

"Increase!" he called, putting his head into the granary.

No sound replied.

"Are you asleep? Come—don't go to playing any tricks on me—it was all a mistake—for I really took you to be a rob—"

Mr. Smith's mouth was stopped by a violent blow on the mouth. Mr. Smith, in an instant, was tumbled down amidst a wilderness of barrels, bags, rakes and shovels. Mr. Smith was considerably stunned by the blow and fall, and when Mr. Smith got upon his legs again, the door was closed and locked. Mr. Smith was a prisoner. I leave the reader to imagine his feelings!

Meanwhile, Increase was raising forces to assist in taking the thief out of the granary in safety. Having first told his story to Mrs. Smith, who was exceedingly astonished, he hastened to alarm Joe Ferris, a stout fellow, who lived in the woods near by, and who had complained of losing quite as much property as the Smiths. Mrs. F. put her head out of the window, and wished to know what Increase wanted. The young man asked for Joe. After some hesitation, the woman replied that her husband had the headache, and could not get up.

"It's very important!" said Increase. "I've caught the thief, and locked him up in the granary!"

"Oh—have you!" said Mrs. Ferris, in a feeble voice. "How fortunate! But as my husband has the headache, I think you had better keep the—the man till morning."

"No—we'll have him to-night!" cried Increase.

And away he ran.

Now, if the younger Smith thought he was regaling Mrs. Ferris with glad tidings, he was considerably in error. The truth is, in closing the window, she was as pale as death. The reader may guess the cause of her agitation, when I inform him that there was no Joe Ferris sick with the headache in the house.

But Mrs. F. was a woman of energy and decision. She caught up a hammer, threw her shawl over her head, and left the house. She was soon in Mr. Smith's barn with her head on the granary.

"Joseph!" she whispered.

No reply.

"Joseph—it is me—are you here?" she added, knocking on the door.

"Let me out," said a voice within.

Without any further delay, Mrs. Ferris having thrown the barn-door wide open, so that she could perform her operations, commenced hammering the padlock in a most destructive manner.

Now Mr. Smith, who was within, was exceedingly astonished at what he heard. He certainly wished to be let out, but he had no desire to have the padlock smashed, without first trying other means. Something like the truth flashed upon his mind, however, when he reflected that the person who was breaking the lock had called him Joseph, and that the voice was marvellously like a woman's. With great anxiety of mind he waited for the door to open.

At length the lock was torn away, and Mrs. Ferris whispered—

"Come quick, Joseph! There's no time to lose! They'll be here in a minute!"

She caught somebody by the arm, and that somebody followed her into the moonlight. Then he caught her by the arm, and both stopped, looking each other full in the face.

Mrs. Ferris screamed, turned paler than the moonlight, and dropped her hammer. Mr. Smith was scarcely less astonished; but recovering himself, he said, rather coolly, considering the occasion—

"You are out late to-night, Mrs. Ferris. Allow me to see you home."

She could not refuse his arm; and when she saw that he was conducting her to his house, instead of her own, she had not the power to say a word, or make the least resistance.

The good lady's feelings, on being brought before Mrs. Smith, can be "more easily imagined than described." In her fear and confusion, she confessed some very startling truths, and, with tears in her eyes, and on her knees, begged her "kind, dear friends" to be merciful, and not to expose her. Mrs. Smith recovered from her amazement and exclaimed, "I never! I never! I never!" and Mr. Smith, who not the least excited of the three, indulged in some equally sensible remarks.

Meanwhile, Mr. Joe Ferris, who was the man who had taken the younger Smith's place in the granary, and given it up in turn to the elder Smith, went home by a circuitous route, wondering by what strange accident he happened to get caught, and congratulating himself on his escape. He had reached his door, when hearing his name called by somebody in the road, he turned and saw three men going by.

"Joe Ferris, is that you?" cried the voice of the younger Smith. "Come on, if you are ready. I've got Bill Hodges and Mr. Blake—and I think we'll be enough for one thief—but the more the merrier, so come on. I know you would go in for the fun, in spite of your headache."

Joe was quite as much in the dark now, as when he was locked up in the granary; but concluding it would be best to put a bold face on the matter, and accompanying Increase, he declared himself ready, and jumped over the fence. At first he was afraid of committing himself, but the conversation by the way showing him—as he thought—exactly how the ground lay, he laughed heartily at the queer manner in which the thief was caught, and boldly volunteered to be the first to enter the granary where he was confined; at the same time chuckling joyously at the anticipation of the younger Smith's dismay, on finding, instead of a thief, his own father under lock and key!

With great glee, the men proceeded at once to the granary, where Increase proposed leaving his companions, in order to go to the house for a lantern, and to see if his father had returned; upon which Joe Ferris laughed all to himself, and advised the younger Smith to be sure and bring the old man, if he was anywhere to be found!

"Hallo!" cried Bill Hodges; "the granary door is open! the thief has broke out!"

Increase came back, filled with consternation. Joe Ferris was no less surprised. The strange events of the night were involved in a deeper mystery than ever, when the elder Smith having heard the approach of Increase and his companions, made his appearance with a light.

"Hallo, neighbor!" cried Joe Ferris, "what is all this hubbub about. Increase has been telling us about thieves."

"I declare, father," said the younger Smith, "after you shut me up for a thief, I shut up a real thief, and left him in my place."

"I know it; your mother has told me," replied the elder Smith; "and when I came to let you out—"

"Oh! I see it all!" groaned Increase. "He got away!"

"Yes, and shut me up!"

"And how did you get out?"

"Why, the thief's wife had the kindness to come and break the lock!"

So saying, the elder Smith held the lantern up to the face of Ferris, who turned ghastly white, and trembled as if he had been in an ague fit.

The whole affair was now explained, to the astonishment of everybody in general, and of Joe in particular, who was too much astonished to make any resistance, while Increase and his companions were tying his hands behind him.

Ferris and his wife were accommodated with lodgings in Mr. Smith's house that night; and, on the following day, a search having been instituted, and all sorts of goods found on Joe's premises, they were both committed to jail, to await their trial.

What their sentence was, when convicted of the crime charged against them, I have quite forgotten, but it is certain that the good people of Smithville were troubled no more with the mysterious disappearance of their goods and chattles, and that the Smiths remembered with peculiar satisfaction the manifold mistakes committed on the night of their adventures with the robbers.—*Boston Museum.*

Selected Articles.

RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.

Obediah Lawson and Watt Dood were neighbors; that is they lived within half a mile of each other, and no person lived between their respective farms, which would have joined, had not a strip of prairie land extended itself sufficiently to keep them separated. Dood was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against the Quakers; therefore, when he was informed that Lawson, a regular disciple of that class of people, had purchased the farm next to his, he declared he would make him glad to move away again. Accordingly a system of petty annoyances was commenced by him, and every time one of Lawson's hogs chanced to stray upon Dood's place, he beset him by men and dogs, and savagely abused him. Things progressed thus for nearly a year, and Lawson, a man of decidedly peace principles, appeared in no way to resent the injuries received at the hands of his spiteful neighbors. But matters were drawing to a crisis; for Dood more enraged than ever at the quiet of Obediah, made an oath that he would do something before long to wake up the spunk of Lawson. Chance favored his designs. The Quaker had a beautiful filly, which he had been very careful in raising, and which was just four years old. Lawson took great pride in this animal, and had refused a large sum of money for her.

One evening, a little after sundown, as Watt Dood was passing round his corn-field, he discovered the filly feeding in the little strip of prairie land that separated the two farms, and he conceived the hellish design of throwing off two or three rails of his fence, that the horse might get into his corn during the night. He did so, and the next morning, bright and early he shouldered his musket and left the house. Not long after his absence, a hired man whom he had recently employed, heard the echo of his gun, and in a few minutes Dood, considerably excited and out of breath, came hurrying to the house, where he stated that he shot at and wounded a buck; that the deer attacked him, and he hardly escaped with his life.

The story was credited by all but the newly employed hand, who had taken a dislike to Watt, and, from his manner, suspected that something was wrong. He therefore slipped quietly away from the house, and going through the field in the direction of the shot, he suddenly came upon Lawson's filly, stretched upon the earth, with a bullet hole through the head, from which the blood was still oozing.

The animal was warm, and could not have been killed an hour. He hastened back to the dwelling of Dood, who met him in the yard, and demanded, somewhat roughly, where he had been.

"I've been to see if your bullet made sure of Mr. Lawson's filly," was the instant retort.

Watt paled for a moment, but recollecting himself, he fiercely shouted—

"Do you dare to say I killed her?"

"How do you know she is dead?" replied the man.

Dood bit his lips, hesitated a moment, and then turning, walked into the house.

A couple of days passed by, and the morning of the third one had broken, as the hired man met friend Lawson riding in search of his filly.

A few words of explanation ensued when, with a heavy heart, the Quaker turned his horse and rode home, where he informed the people of the fate of his filly. No threat of recrimination escaped him; he did not even go to law to recover damages; but calmly awaited his plan and hour of revenge. It came at last.

Watt Dood had a Durham heifer, for which he had paid a high price, and upon which he counted to make great gains.

One morning just as Obediah was sitting down to breakfast, his elder son came in with the information that neighbor Dood's heifer had broken down the fence, entered the yard, and after eating most of the cabbages, had trampled the well made beds, and the vegetables they contained out of all shape—a mischief impossible to repair.

"And what did thee do with her, Jacob?" quietly asked Obediah.

"I put her in the farm-yard."

"Did thee beat her?"

"I never struck her a blow."

"Right, Jacob——right: sit down to thy breakfast, when done eating I will attend to the heifer."

Shortly after he had finished his repast, Lawson mounted a horse, and rode over to Dood's, who was sitting under the porch in front of his house, and who, as he beheld the Quaker dismount, supposed he was coming to demand pay for his filly, and secretly swore he would have to law for it if he did.

"Good-morning, neighbor Dood; how is thy family?" said Obediah, as he mounted the steps and seated himself in a chair.

"All well, I believe," was the crusty reply.

"I have a small affair to settle with you this morning, and I came rather early."

"So I suppose," growled Watt.

"This morning, my son found thy Durham heifer in my garden, where she has destroyed a good deal."

"And what did he do with her?" demanded Dood, his brow darkening.

"What would thee have done with her, had she been my heifer in thy garden?" asked Obediah.

"I'd shot her!" retorted Watt, madly, "as I suppose you have done; but we are only even now. Heifer for filly is only tit for tat."

"Neighbor Dood, thou knowest me not, if thou thinkest I would harm a hair of thy heifer's back. She is in my farm-yard, and not even a blow has been struck her, where thee can get her. I know thee shot my filly; but the evil one prompted thee to do it, and I lay no evil in my heart against my neighbors. I came to tell thee where thy heifer is, and now I'll go home."

Obediah rose from his chair, and was about to descend the steps, when he was stopped by Watt, who hastily asked,

"What was your filly worth?"

"A hundred dollars is what I asked for her," replied Obediah.

"Wait a moment!" and Dood rushed into the house, from whence he soon returned, holding some gold in his hand. "Here's the price of your filly; and hereafter let there be a pleasantness between us."

"Willingly, heartily," answered Lawson, grasping the proffered hand of the other; "let there be peace between us!"

Obediah mounted his horse and rode home with a lighter heart, and from that day to this, Dood has been as good a neighbor as one could wish to have; being completely reformed by the *returning good for evil.*

Selected Sketch.

ORIGIN OF THE MORMON IMPOSTURE.

The *Rochester American* publishes the following from a forthcoming work by Mr. Turner, entitled *History of Phillip and Gorham's Purchase.* It is succinct, and communicates some facts coming within the author's personal knowledge:—

"As we are now at the home of the Smith family—in sight of 'Mormon Hill'—a brief pioneer history will be looked for, of the strange and singularly successful religious sect—the Mormons; and brief it must be, merely starting it in its career, and leaving to their especial historian to trace them to Kirtland, Nauvoo, Beaver Island, and Utah, or the Salt Lake.

"Joseph Smith, the father of the prophet, Joseph Smith, Jr., was from the Merrimack River, N. H. He first settled in or near Palmyra village, but as early as 1819 was the occupant of some new land on 'Stafford Street,' in the town of Manchester, near the line of Palmyra.* 'Mormon Hill' is near the plank road about half-way between the villages of Palmyra and Manchester. The elder Smith had been a Universalist, and subsequently a Methodist; was a good deal of a smatterer in Scriptural knowledge, but the seed of revelation was sown on weak ground; he was a great babbler, credulous, not especially industrious, a money-digger, prone to the marvelous; and, withal, a little given to difficulties with neighbors, and petty law-suits. Not a very propitious account of the father of a prophet—the founder of a State; but there was a 'woman in the case.'

"Mrs. Smith was a woman of strong, uncultivated intellect; artful and cunning; imbued with an ill-regulated religious enthusiasm. The incipient hints, the first givings out that a prophet was to spring from her humble household, came from her; and when matters were maturing for denouement, she gave out that such and such ones—always fixing upon those who had both money and credulity—were to be instruments in some great work of new revelation. The old man was rather her faithful co-worker, or executive exponent. Their son Alvah, was originally intended, or designated, by fireside consultations and solemn and mysterious out-door hints, as the forthcoming prophet. The mother and the father said he was the chosen one; but Alvah, however spiritual he may have been, had a carnal appetite; ate too many green turnips, sickened and died. Thus the world lost a prophet, and Mormonism a leader; the design, impiously and wickedly attributed to Providence, was defeated; and all in consequence of a surfeit of raw turnips. Who will talk of the cackling geese of Rome, or any other small and innocent cause of mighty events, after this? The mantle of the prophet which Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Smith and one Oliver Cowdery had wove themselves—every thread of it—fell upon their next eldest son, Joseph Smith, Jr.

"And a most unpromising recipient of such a trust was this same Joseph Smith, Jr., afterwards 'Jo Smith.' He was lounging, idle, (not to say vicious,) and possessed of less than ordinary intellect. The author's own recollection of him are distinct. He used to come into the village of Palmyra, with little jags of wood, from his backwoods home; sometimes patronizing a village grocery too freely; sometimes finding an odd job to do about the store of Seymour Scovell; and once a week he would stroll into the office of the old *Palmyra Register,* for his father's paper. How impious in us young 'dare *devils*,'† to once in a while blacken the face of the then meddling and inquisitive lounger—but afterwards prophet—with the old-fashioned balls, when he used to put himself in the way of the working of the old-fashioned Ramage press! The editor of the *Cultivator* at Albany,—esteemed as he may justly consider himself for his subsequent enterprise and usefulness—may think of it with contrition and repentance, that he once helped us to disfigure the face of a prophet, and, remotely, the founder of a State.

"But Joseph had a little ambition, and some very laudable aspirations; the mother's intellect occasionally shone out in him feebly, especially when he used to help us to solve some portentous questions of moral or political ethics, in our juvenile debating club, which we moved down to the old red school-house on Durfee Street, to get rid of the annoyance of critics that used to drop in upon us in the village; and subsequently after catching a spark of Methodism in the camp meeting, away down in the woods, on the Vienna road, he was a very passable exhorter in evening meetings.

"Legends of hidden treasure had long designated 'Mormon Hill' as a repository. Old Joseph had dug there, and young Joseph had not only heard his father and mother relate the marvelous tales of buried wealth, but had accompanied his father in the midnight delvings, and incantations of the spirits that guarded it.

"If a buried revelation was to be exhumed, how natural was it that the Smith family, with their credulity, and their assumed premonitions, that a prophet was to come from their household, should be connected with it; and that 'Mormon Hill' was the place where it would be found.

"It is believed by those who were best acquainted with the Smith family, and most conversant with the Gold Bible movements, that there is no foundation for the statement that their original manuscript was written by a Mr. Spaulding, of Ohio. A supplement to the Gold Bible, *The Book of Commandments*, in all probability was written by Rigdon, and he may have been aided by Spaulding's manuscripts; but the book itself is, without doubt, a production of the Smith family, aided by Oliver Cowdery, who was school-teacher on Stafford Street, an inmate of the Smith family, and identified with the whole matter. The production, as all will conclude, who have read it, or even given it a cursory review, is not that of an educated man or woman. The bungling attempt to counterfeit the style of Scripture; the intermixture of modern phraseology; the ignorance of chronology and geography; its utter crudeness and baldness, as a whole, stamp its character, and clearly exhibit its vulgar origin. It is a strange medley of Scripture, romance and bad composition.

"The primitive design of Mrs. Smith, her husband, Jo and Cowdery, was money-making; blended with which, perhaps, was a desire for notoriety, to be obtained by cheat and fraud. The idea of being the founders of a new sect was an afterthought, in which they were aided by others.

"The projectors of the humbug, being destitute of means for carrying out their plans, a victim was selected to obviate that difficulty.—Martin Harris was a farmer of Palmyra, the owner of a good farm, and an honest, worthy citizen; but especially given to religious enthusiasm, new creeds, the more extravagant, the better; a monomaniac, in fact. Joseph Smith, upon whom the mantle of prophecy had fallen, after the sad fate of Alvah, began to make demonstrations. He informed Harris of the great discovery, and that it had been revealed to him that he (Harris) was a chosen instrument to aid him in the great work of surprising the world with a new revelation. They had hit upon the right man. He mortgaged his fine farm to pay for printing the book, assumed a grave, religious and unearthly deportment, and made here and there among his acquaintances solemn annunciations of the great event that was transpiring. His version of the discovery, as communicated to him by the prophet Joseph himself, is well remembered by several respectable citizens of Palmyra, to whom he made early disclosures. It was in substance as follows:

"The prophet Joseph was directed by an angel where to find, by excavation, at the place afterwards called Mormon Hill, the gold plates; and was compelled by an angel, much against his will, to be interpreter of the sacred record they contained, and publish it to the world. That the plates contained a record of the ancient inhabitants of this country, 'engraved by Mormon, the son of Nephi.' That on the top of the box containing the plates, 'a pair of large spectacles were found, the stones or glass set in which were opaque to all but the prophet,'—that 'these belonged to Mormon, the engraver of the plates, and without them the plates could not be read.' Harris assumed that himself and Cowdery were the chosen amanuenses, and the prophet Joseph, curtained from the world and them with spectacles, read from the gold plates what they committed to paper.

"Harris exhibited to an informant of the author, the manuscript title-page. On it was drawn, rudely and bunglingly, concentric circles, between, above and below which were characters, with little resemblance to letters, apparently a miserable imitation of hieroglyphics, the writer may somewhere have seen. To guard against profane curiosity, the prophet had given out that no one but himself, not even his chosen cooperators, must be permitted to see them, on pain of instant death. Harris had never seen the plates, but the glowing account of their massive richness excited other than spiritual hopes, and he, upon one occasion, got a village silversmith to help him estimate their value, taking as a basis the prophet's account of their dimensions. It was a blending of the spiritual and utilitarian, that threw a shadow of doubt upon Harris's sincerity. This, and some anticipations he indulged in as to the profits that would arise from the sale of the Gold Bible, made it then, as it is now, a mooted question whether he was altogether a dupe.

"The wife of Harris was a rank infidel and heretic touching the whole thing, and decidedly opposed to her husband's participation in it.—With sacrilegious hands she seized over a hundred of the manuscript pages of the new revelation, and burned or secreted them. It was arranged by Smith and family, Cowdery and Harris, not to transcribe those again, but to let so much of the new revelation drop out, as the 'evil spirit would get up a story that the second translation did not agree with the first.' A very ingenious method, surely, of guarding against the possibility that Mrs. Harris had preserved the manuscript with which they might be confronted, should they attempt an imitation of their own miserable patchwork.

"The prophet did not get his lesson well upon the start, or the household of the impostors were in fault. After he had told his story, in his absence, the rest of the family made a new version of it to one of their neighbors. They showed him such a pebble as may any day be picked up on the shore of Lake Ontario—the common horn-blend—carefully wrapped in cotton and kept in a mysterious box. They said it was by looking at this stone, in a hat, the light excluded, that Joseph discovered the plates. This, it will be observed, differs materially from Joseph's story of the angel. It was the same stone the Smiths had used in money-digging, and in some pretended discoveries of stolen property.

"Long before the Gold Bible demonstration, the Smith family had, with some sinister object in view, whispered another fraud in the ears of the credulous. They pretended that in digging for money at Mormon Hill, they came across a chest, three by two feet in size, covered with a dark-colored stone. In the centre of the stone was a white spot about the size of a sixpence. Enlarging, the spot increased to the size of a twenty-four pound shot, and then exploded with a terrible noise. The chest vanished and all was utter darkness.

"It may be safely pronounced that in no other instance have the prophets and chosen and designated of angels, been quite so calculating and worldly as were those of Stafford Street, Mormon Hill, and Palmyra. The only business contract—veritable instrument in writing, that was ever executed by spiritual agents, has been preserved; and should be among the archives of the new State of Utah. It is signed by the prophet Joseph himself, and witnessed by Oliver Cowdery, and secures to Martin Harris one-half of the proceeds of the sale of the Gold Bible, until he was fully reimbursed in the sum of $2,500, the cost of printing.

"The after-thought which has been alluded to—the enlarging of original intentions—was at the suggestion of S. Rigdon, of Ohio, who made his appearance, and blended himself with the poorly-devised scheme of imposture, about the time the book was issued from the press. He unworthily bore the title of a Baptist elder, but had by some previous freak, if the author is rightly informed, forfeited his standing with that respectable religious denomination. Designing, ambitious, and dishonest, under the semblance of sanctity and assumed spirituality, he was just the man for the use of the Smith household, and their half-dupe and half-designing abettors; and they were just the fit instruments he desired. He became at once the Hamlet, or more appropriately, perhaps, the Mawworm of the play.

"Under the auspices of Rigdon, a new sect, the Mormons, was projected. Prophecies fell thick and fast from the lips of Joseph; old Mrs. Smith assumed all the airs of a mother of a prophet; that particular family of Smiths were singled out and became exalted above all their legion of nicknames. The bald, clumsy cheat found here and there an enthusiast, a monomaniac, or a knave, in and around its primitive locality, to help it upon its start; and soon, like another scheme of imposture, (that had little of dignity and plausibility in it), it had its Hegira or flight, to Kirtland, then to Nauvoo; then to a short resting-place in Missouri—and then on and over the Rocky Mountains to Utah or the Salt Lake. Banks, printing-offices, temples, cities, and finally a State have arisen under its auspices. Converts have multiplied to tens of thousands. In several of the countries of Europe there are preachers and organized sects of Mormons; believers in the divine mission of Joseph Smith & Co.

"And here the subject must be dismissed. If it has been treated lightly—with seeming levity—it is because it will admit of no other treatment. There is no dignity about the whole thing; nothing to entitle it to mild treatment. It deserves none of the charity extended to ordinary religious fanaticism, for knavery and fraud has been with it incipiently and progressively. It has not the poor merit of ingenuity. Its success is a slur upon the age. Fanaticism promoted it at first; then ill-advised persecution; then the designs of demagogues who wished to command the suffrages of its followers; until finally an American Congress has abetted the fraud and imposition by its acts, and we are to have a State of our proud Union—in this boasted era of light and knowledge—the very name of which will sanction and dignify the fraud and [illegible] of Mormon Hill, the gold plates and the spurious revelation. This much, at least, might have been omitted out of decent respect to the moral and religious sense of the people of the old States."

* Here the author remembers to have first seen the family in the winter of '19 and '20, in a rude log-house, with but a small spot of underbrush around it.

† To soften the use of such an expression, the reader should be reminded that apprentices in printing offices have, since the days of Faust and Guttenburgh, been thus called, and sometimes it was not inappropriate.

☞ A chap from the country, who visited this town to "see the Fourth of July," (says the Newport News,) entered one of our hotels and sat down to dinner. Upon the bill of fare being handed him by the waiter, he remarked that he "didn't care 'bout readin' now—he'd wait till after dinner."

Miscellaneous.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF WILLIAM PENN.

[illegible]

I [illegible] by nature and changed by art a gentleman."

Now that is what can be called in our generation the description of a handsome young fellow, at once well educated, active and bold. It is singular enough, however, that the only genuine portrait of the great apostle of the doctrine of non-resistance represents him in mail. The picture is in the gallery of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. This was Penn at 22.

Now let us look at him at 38, when the Shackamaxon Treaty was negotiated.

Penn was born in 1644—in 1670 he became a thorough Friend. At this early age, he vindicated the trial by jury, and became known to the world as a vigorous writer as well as an orator of mark.

In 1672 he married, and was then considered one of the handsomest and best dressed men of his day. In the following years he twice visited Germany, living on terms of familiar intimacy with the sovereigns of the petty kingdoms into which that empire was then divided, and at home to the age of 38, kept the company at once of James of York, Algernon Sidney, Ashley Cooper, Lord William Russell, Villiers of Buckingham, the greatest despots and the greatest liberals of their day. This brings our good looking, hearty Quaker gentleman up to 1681, with a high reputation for elegant manners; a "delightful talker," as Swift writes; "enjoying a joke heartily," as Markham said, and a most active politician, yet never doffing his hat to King or Commoner. In 1682 Penn sailed for the Delaware, aboard the Welcome, with his servants, his furniture, his horses, his dogs, his plate, and a thousand other articles of luxury to which he had been accustomed. On a glorious October day he landed at New Castle, dressed in good broadcloth, wrist ruffles, and light blue silk sash tied around him. Mrs. Preston, a cotemporary quoted by Watson, says that Penn partook of the sports of the Indians, and at one of their athletic encounters rose from his seat at the foot of a cedar, "outbeat the Indians with the leapers, and beat them all."

We now come to the Treaty, of which the picture by Mr Benjamin West professes to give a [illegible] representation, and which [illegible] the water. I have quoted the foregoing, perhaps, dull detail, for the purpose of proving that Penn was not like the "man of the picture," in a single particular; neither height, shape, costume, or in countenance. He was a man nearly six feet in height; at this period light and graceful in form, always quite well dressed, weighing less than two hundred pounds; within a few months of 38 years of age; and not the ugly, fat, dumpy old fellow, who looks as if he slept in his hat, represented by West, and as one sees him on looking at the engraving of this famous picture in the Senate Chamber at Harrisburg; as a lady of the day said he was "the most lively, best looking gentleman" she had ever seen.—[*Mrs. Preston to Watson; Depontean; Penn's Hist. Records, &c., &c.*]

On this occasion he was dressed in an ample coat, reaching to the knees, covered with ivory buttons: a vest of elegant material: trowsers full and slashed at the sides, tied with ribbons of a flesh hue, with a hat of cavalier form, turned up and looped, without the feather, from beneath which escapes a new and carefully curled wig, and a profusion of shirt and well dressed ruffles, at wrist and on bosom. The New Castle blue sash figures again in this scene.

My dear Mr. Bulletin, does that look to you like the Penn of West's imagination? As the saying goes, "I should guess not."

If I had leisure, or you had space, I would tell you how Governor Penn went to fairs, subscribed to Coatine's* [see vol. III. Penn's. Hist. Col.—Penn's Cash Book, &c.,] drank good Madeira, and was fond of a haunch of venison, a ham, a leg of mutton or a smoked shad: kept his carriage and lived, as he could afford to do, like a gentleman—not like a man of a single idea, or as a recluse, as it has been too much the fashion to consider and paint him.—*Correspondent of Evening Bulletin.*

* Coatine, in my youth, was a favorite, hard-working dance, much in vogue in the agricultural districts of Eastern Pennsylvania. Many a "tear down" I have had at them, and it ought to be considered a mark of Penn's good taste to have enjoyed the fun, usually so rampant at these social gatherings.

Peace Sentiments.—Some of the finest sayings of this kind come from military men. In a late paper there was one by Colonel Ferguson of the British army. Speaking of Washington, who was once in his power, but was not known by him to be Washington: "I ordered (says he) three good shots to steal near and fire at him; but the idea *disgusted* me—I recalled the order." Again, when nearer, Ferguson levelled his own piece at him, but says, "it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual who was very coolly acquitting himself of his duty—so I let him alone." And when he afterwards found out whom he had spared, he says, "I am *not sorry* that I did not know at the time who it was." Was it not a pity that this noble fellow was killed in the next battle? Why should such spirits as he and Washington meet together in deadly strife? And why should it be less "disgusting" or more "pleasant" to fire on a thousand men than to fire on one? War has its glare and glitter—but strip them off, and we "sup full of horrors."—*Portsmouth Journal.*

Singular Argument.—Mr. Nathan R. Cobb, an exemplary young merchant, connected with the Baptist church in Boston, at the age of twenty-three, drew up and subscribed the following covenant:—"1. By the grace of God, I will never be worth more than fifty thousand dollars. 2. By the grace of God, I will give one-fourth of the net profits of my business to charitable and religious uses. 3. If I am worth twenty thousand dollars, I will give one-half of my net profits; and if I am worth thirty thousand dollars, I will give three-fourths; and the whole, after fifty thousand dollars." To this covenant Mr. C. adhered till he had acquired fifty thousand dollars—and gave all his income afterwards. He was then enabled to say on his death bed—"By the grace of God, I have been enabled to give away more than forty thousand dollars. How good the Lord has been to me."

☞ J. G. Hess, the post-publisher of the Burlington Sentinel, gives the following answer to an application from a discontented subscriber for a change of direction to his paper:

TO A GRUMBLING SUBSCRIBER.

A Free Soil patron of the Sentinel
Politely bids us "send the thing to hell!"
A timely hint. 'Tis proper, we confess,
With change of residence to change th' address.
It shall be sent, if Charon's mail will let it,
Where the subscriber will be sure to get it!

DEATH OF TECUMSEH.

[illegible]

[illegible] fields, afraid of nothing when alive, do not care for dogs, wolves, eagles, crows or buzzards when dead. They want the prairie the whole broad prairie to lie upon. So Tecumseh, the bravest man that ever lived, when the Great Spirit would not let be killed by the common soldier, but sent him to the brave pale face warrior and chief to be killed, wanted no grave nor heaven. He let every animal come and eat his flesh and drink his blood. The red man loved him, the pale face feared him."

Shawbeneh expatiated long upon the merits of Tecumseh. He believed if he had killed Colonel Johnson, and lived to this day, the Indians would not have been driven from their homes, the homes of their ancestors from time immemorial, the homes of their wives and beloved little ones, where bleach and moulder the remains of their brave warriors.

"Where now," he continued, "are the free and happy red men who once stood upon these boundless prairies, and proclaimed from North to South, from East to West, as far as the eye can extend, as the Indian's land—that land was their home—it was their world. The fish in the rivers and lakes belonged to them—the birds in the air, and the nimble deer—the furious buffalo and the prowling wolf were theirs. Where are they now? gone—gone to the hunting-grounds of the Manito.

"Soon, very soon, the Indian nations will be no more—their last sad requiem will be the sound of the booming cannon, and the rattling of the glistening musket. Their death-song will soon be sounded in their ears, and before fifty years shall roll away, not an Indian will be left to tell of the deeds of his ancestors."

Thus spoke the warrior and the chief; who can doubt the fulfilment of his fearful prophecy?

A few years since, I saw Colonel Johnson in Trenton, and communicated to him the above statement. He assured me that it was true in every particular; subsequently he addressed a letter to me from Kentucky confirming what he said in Trenton—said letter was accompanied by a corroborative statement from an intimate friend of the Colonel who had known him many years. When I saw him he wore the same red vest which he wore in battle. I immediately recognized it, from the description the chief gave me, who said the red vest was so conspicuous—that he had several good shots at it—and thinks some of the balls hit their mark. On examining the vest closely, I discovered several bullet holes in it—and as the Colonel was carried off the field wounded—doubtless some of the balls of my Indian friend wounded him.

Clippings.

☞ There is a certain softness of manner which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty. It is not, however, the result of affliction of the head, but of the heart.

☞ Each Cadet at West Point costs the Government annually $600 for his education.

☞ The Bloomer costume has been attracting great attention in England, and a few ladies in many parts of the country have appeared in it.

☞ Flirtation, whether seriously or lightly considered, is injurious to women as well as exceedingly unbecoming of her. It is a broad, unblushing confession, which the individual makes of her desire to attract the notice of men.

☞ George Thompson has been received with enthusiasm by his English constituents.

☞ Perhaps we might very appropriately alter a line of one of our best poets, so that it would read thus: "The *melon-cholic* days are come, the saddest of the year."—*Lynn News.*

☞ The Kennebec Journal says a young lady in Augusta, a few days since, witnessed the marriage of her own grandfather with her own grandmother.

☞ The Hampshire Gazette says: "It is a singular fact, that we have not had a Governor of the Orthodox faith since Gov. Eustis, and *he was an irreligious man!*"

☞ The Canadian Legislature has fully abolished the law of primogeniture in the succession to real estate in Upper Canada.

☞ A little boy, more thoughtful than boys generally are, but not more than they should be, on being tumbled into the mud by a comrade, was asked why he didn't serve his abuser in the same manner, when he replied—"If I should there would be two suits of clothes to clean."

☞ Mrs. Judson (Fanny Forrester), for whose safety fears had been entertained, was at Cape Town, in good health, on the 20th May, to sail for England.

☞ There is a family *lately* started in the path of fashionable life in Portland, whose parlor is so brilliantly furnished, that they only look at it once in two years—and then, it is through a smoked glass.

☞ A mechanic in Baltimore has invented a mode of inserting window-glass without using putty. The mode of doing it is not stated.

☞ Poor sometimes adds wings to the heels, and sometimes nails them to the ground, and fetters them from moving.—*Montaigne.*

☞ Some musical speeches. Lyman Trumbull, of Alton, is one of these. Said the "Old Ranger," after replying to a jury speech of Trumbull's—"And now, gentlemen of the jury, I have demolished his positions, refuted his arguments, and answered everything but his *looks*, and I defy the devil to do that.—*Boston Post.*

☞ The Star says that the "*New river*" (the sudden appearance of which in the desert, about two years since, was regarded as somewhat approaching a miracle) has been known to the Indians from time immemorial. It is produced by the overflow of the Colorado, and extends eighty miles into the desert, taking its course thirty miles below the junction of the Gila and Colorado.

☞ A letter from Athens says that workmen employed, four miles from the city, in draining the field of Marathon, found the place of sepulture of the warriors who fell there in the memorable battle 490 years before the birth of Christ!

ON A QUARRELSOME COUPLE.

Ugly, and old, and cross, both he and she;
So much alike 'tis strange they don't agree.

☞ While Jenny Lind was at the hotel at Niagara, a couple of enthusiastic gentlemen leaned against the door of her room, to hear her sing some little Swedish hymns, which she was singing for her own gratification. Suddenly the singing ceased, the door was opened from the interior, and the two amateurs made a rapid and desperate plunge directly into the arms of the fair Swede, who was coming out in search of a candle! Jenny is but human, and those who saw her face at the moment, say that never was rage more clearly depicted upon human countenance. Had this occurred in the States, perhaps the "known rudeness of the Yankees" would have pointed a moral for the English press.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST [illegible], 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. [illegible] We continue the following low terms to Clubs, [illegible] to one post-office:

4 Copies, $5 00 Per Annum.
8 " (And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $10 00 "
13 " (And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $15 00 "
20 " (And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $20 00 "

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rates, [illegible]. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

[illegible]

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Saturday Post; [illegible]

LAW AND ORDER.

There are a number of papers—"*leading papers*," as they call themselves—in this part of the country, which are devoted advocates of "law and order," when all is quiet and peaceable. But let there be a mob in our midst—or even so far off as San Francisco—they are perfectly mum upon the subject.

These papers should not call themselves "*leading papers*," but *led* ones—some of them are led (*lead*) indeed, in two senses. They are afraid to stem, and therefore content themselves with floating upon the popular current. When the people, in their folly, spurn the observance of law, they do not oppose, as they ought, "from Philly drunk to Philly sober," but keep all their long essays upon "law and order," until a time when they will give no unnecessary offence, and be very little heeded or needed.

We have been surprised to find that even the New York Tribune, a paper heretofore always opposed to mob-law, now rather commends than condemns the late riotous proceedings in San Francisco. This may have been owing, however, to Mr. Greeley's absence. That paper is now conducted, we believe, on the Association principle, one which we are growing to have very little faith in, as far as applied to editing. You can oftener find one high minded, disinterested, fearless and free-spoken man than ten of them. Combination and co-operation make men selfish and cowardly—as a mob is generally more cruel than any single member of it. The worst deeds are those that are named "legion."

A paper that is a paper—a leading, independent press, should always have, we are beginning to think, one editorial head. And the object of such a paper should be truth, more than party, or sect, or hero.

But some one may say, ironically,—"we suppose the Post is such a paper." No, sir,—we answer. The Post is a neutral paper. The Post does not pretend to be what a newspaper, in the *highest* sense of the word, should be. The Post has no opinions, strictly speaking—political or religious. It occasionally blurts out a truth or two, simply because its editor cannot help it—but that is all outside the "letter of the bond," and if any one "calls us to order," we are bound "to take our seat." What the Post does pretend to be, is this—the best literary weekly paper in the country; and such, in our opinion, it is. And thousands take it, because, while not pretending to belong to the very highest class of papers, it is tenfold more independent, high-toned and fearless than nine-tenths of those that do.

RIDING.

Some time since, as our readers will remember, we published a letter from Mrs. Lydia Jane Peirson, opposing the Bloomer dress, but recommending the masculine style of riding on horseback for ladies. We forgot to quote, however, an answer from Mrs. Swisshelm to this proposition. She says:—

"We have, a good many times, when no side-saddle could be procured, had one stirrup of a man's saddle shortened, and the other turned over, to make a substitute for a horn to hold by, and so contrived to ride a mile or two; but we should dislike to risk our neck on so insecure a seat, fixed upon the back of any steed but 'old Kate.' No doubt one might learn to ride on such a contrivance, for we have seen girls who could ride an unbroken colt at full gallop, and through all manner of rearings and plungings without any saddle at all; and all that would do very well; but for a woman of Mrs. Peirson's standing to recommend gravely that women should ride like men, does pass all our preconceived ideas of the possible! A woman bestriding a horse under any circumstances, or in any costume—whew! May the good angels preserve us from all further improvements or reforms! Save us from *progress*, and if we *must* be travelling in some direction, rather let us go back towards the days when women did not have, or need any souls!"

We think the ladies may be safely trusted with the lover of reform, for no two of them, scarcely, are inclined to pull the same way—and, consequently, every new thing will pretty certainly be well argued, and placed in all manner of lights, before being adopted.

In relation to riding, we may remark—that women generally are under a delusion as to the masculine mode of riding being so much easier than the feminine. We have heard the Messrs. Craige of this city, the famous riding masters, say that they thought the latter quite as easy as the former to the rider—though not, of course, to the horse. To balance the disadvantage of sitting on one side, the lady has a pommel to steady her, and, in case of necessity, to hold on by. We do not believe that a lady can be thrown so easily by a stumbling horse as a gentleman. One thing is certain,—ladies learn to ride their way, in quite as short a space of time (to say the least) as the gentlemen do in theirs.

HOW IT IS.

Several of our country exchanges are asking why they do not receive the Post of late. One answer will do for all. Up to the beginning of the present year, we have been in the habit of offering to exchange with our country friends, in case they would publish our Prospectus, or notice our terms and inducements in their editorial columns. All our compacts made under the old arrangement, will be faithfully complied with.

For the future, we shall reserve to ourselves the right of exchanging, or not, as we think best. We derive no advantage from the great mass of the country papers, having not even the time to glance weekly over their contents. Still, we are willing to keep up an exchange list of a reasonable length, especially with our old friends among them. Under the old system, a number of papers have put in notices of the Post not worth a *dime*, and then *demanded* the paper for a year in exchange. We do not ask *complimentary* notices from our country contemporaries (although, of course, we are pleased when praise can be honestly given), but we do ask, either the publication of our Prospectus, or *a fair condensation* of it. And in all cases where such fair notice is given, the paper will still be very apt to come.

LUNAR INFLUENCE.

A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker alleges that facts prove that the rays of the moon depress the temperature of the earth. He adduces calculations founded upon [illegible]'s table of hourly observations to prove that, dividing each lunar month at the half moon, the temperature of the full moon's side for twelve months is greater than that of the new moon's. He finds a difference of nearly one-sixth between the temperature of the two periods. Whether it is owing directly to the action of the light, or, indirectly by dispersing the clouds, he does not know.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

[illegible]

Characteristic letters were received from Victor Hugo and Thomas Carlyle. The former [illegible]

[illegible]

CHELSEA, Friday, July [illegible], 1851.

[illegible]

I will say further, what appears very evident to me, that if any body of citizens, from one, or especially from various countries, are good to meet together, and articulate, reiterate these or the like considerations, and strive to make them known and familiar—the world in general, so soon as it can sum up the account, may rather hold itself indebted to them for so doing. They are in the happy case of giving some little furtherance to their cause by such meetings, and (what is somewhat peculiar) of not retarding it thereby on any side at all. If they be accused of doing little good, they can answer confidently that the little good they do is quite unalloyed, that they do no evil whatever. The evil of their enterprise, if evil there be, is to themselves only; the good of it goes wholly to the world's account, without any admixture of evil;—for which unalloyed benefit, however small it be, the world surely ought, as I now do, to thank them rather than otherwise.

One big battle saved to Europe, will cover the expense of many meetings. How many meetings would one expedition to Russia cover the expense of? Truly, I wish you all the speed possible; well convinced you will not too much extinguish the wrath that dwells as a natural element in all Adam's posterity;—and I beg to subscribe myself,

Sir, yours, very sincerely,
T. CARLYLE.

FROM CUBA.

The accounts from Cuba up to the 6th, bring no definite news as to the insurrection. It was reported at Havana that many of the "patriots" had voluntarily surrendered themselves, and large numbers been taken prisoners. The tone of the N. Y. Sun (the American organ of the Creoles) is very desponding. It says it has reason to believe that the reported successes of the patriots were exaggerated; and admits that a large and almost overwhelming military force had been sent by the Government to the Central Departments of Cuba.

A letter from New Orleans in the Baltimore Patriot, apparently from a well informed source, seems confirmatory of the view taken by us last week. The writer says that the whole of the disturbance consists in the assembling of from 50 to 500 persons in the mountains near Puerto Principe, and that this has been gotten up, and the reports thereof greatly exaggerated, for the purpose of creating excitement in the United States. As to the movements of the American sympathisers, the same authority states:

The steamship Pampero, the fastest thing on the water, left here on Monday morning with 500 men, and takes in tow a schooner loaded with arms and ammunition. This much is *certain*.—Now what follows is rumor, but is generally credited as fact.

The steamer Pampero is in search of the Spanish steamer Pizarro, which she hopes to meet and capture, and transfer her own men to her. Then the Pampero is to run into some Texan port for another lot of men to carry to the Island.

A steamer left here on Tuesday last for Vera Cruz, but she is said to be destined for Cuba with 300 men. The steamer Chingarora is missing from the Lake, and is said to have taken a full load of men and ammunition in Mobile Bay. The steamer Alabama is engaged to take 500 men on Saturday next. Two schooners are said to have left Pensacola with ammunition and men. The steamer Monmouth is to take a party from Florida. In fact there is no doubt that a large party, say 3,500 men, are now either on their way or ready to embark, and the moment it is known that a good landing has been effected, there will be 10,000 men ready to leave on the Expedition.

As to the right and propriety of all this matter, I leave you to form your own opinion.

The great point of interest now is, the fate of these American volunteers, whose number is doubtless exaggerated. Probably by the time this paper reaches our readers, we shall have advices either of their success in effecting a landing, or of their capture and approaching trial by court martial.

A CATHOLIC CORRESPONDENT.

"A Catholic Layman," writing from Huntington, Indiana, sends us a long article in relation to Convents, &c. We think it would be going rather out of our prescribed field, to publish his communication. We may take the liberty of stating, however, that he thinks the Monastic system is abused, and wishes a regulation made that no person shall be admitted into any monastic order until he or she reaches the age of thirty. He also does not think very highly of Archbishop Hughes' late attempt to justify the *civil power* of the Pope, and is opposed outright to all unions of Church and State, wherever they may be found. This article goes to prove that the Roman Catholics of the United States, while acknowledging allegiance in *spiritual things* to the Pope, have as little sympathy with political tyranny (whether exercised by Catholic or Protestant rulers) as their Protestant brethren. They cannot see the consistency, perhaps, of encouraging Irish revolutionists one year, and then denouncing Italian ones the next. Or of lauding a Ruler to the skies when he introduces a liberal policy into his government; and then again lauding him to the skies when he hastily retraces his steps, in obedience to the reactionary spirit of despotism.

WELL DONE.

Judges Parsons and Kelley have granted the injunction to restrain the bone-boiling establishment at the intersection of the Norristown and Germantown Railroads. The Judges acknowledged that the business was a lawful one, but decided that it could not be carried on to the annoyance of the neighborhood. It gives us great pleasure to chronicle this decision.—There are thousands of acres in the lower part of New Jersey, within reasonable distance of this city, where all these pestilential kinds of business could be carried on, and no one be injured. We have heard it rumored that property is sometimes purchased in the heart of populous neighborhoods, by men in the bone-boiling and similar occupations, with the design of forcing the owners of the adjacent property to buy them out at an advance of some thousands of dollars. This is detestable.

The Fire Annihilator.—We see by a number of extracts from the London papers, that the vapor of the celebrated Fire Annihilator, is not destructive to life. A man bearing the Annihilator (which is about the size of a coal scuttle) and enveloped in the vapor, is able to walk right into the midst of the flames. We think that the invention, if all that it is described to be, should be forwarded at once to San Francisco.

The Illustrated American. This is a new paper of the illustrated kind, and bids fair to be one of the best of its class.

MODESTY.

[illegible]

[illegible] "Journal of Commerce," a large daily of that city, says:

A correspondent calls our attention to the fact that in this city we have [illegible] two men have been recently executed, and two persons have [illegible] the same fate. Two prisoners have recently been killed, and several more dangerously wounded. The knife is used frequently [illegible]

We quote the above in sorrow, not in exultation. We know that New York, as the focus of a [illegible], labors under many disadvantages compared with our own city. But will her press, living in a glass house of the brittlest and most transparent kind, throw out such frequent slurs on Philadelphia? Do they think that by blackening their own dark hue will look fairer? Do they fear that the contrast presented by Philadelphia to their own tangled scenes, will operate to their disadvantage? It is a mean policy that seeks to gain a pecuniary profit by lying away the character of a rival.

LIGHTNING RODS.

We were told the other day, by a gentleman from the State of Ohio, that in a recent severe storm, over twenty barns were struck by the lightning and consumed, in Columbiana and Trumbull Counties. In the majority of these cases, the barns had lightning rods attached to them. A manufacturer of rods having recently sent his agents through those counties, and sold the rods at a low price to a large number of the farmers.

It would be interesting to learn from some of our Ohio friends, whether the rods in the above cases were properly attached to the buildings. If, as is so often the case, they were fastened to the walls by iron hooks or clamps, and no non-conductor interposed between the two, the rods, instead of being a protection, were the reverse.

But if the rods were properly isolated by means of the necks of glass bottles, &c., planted sufficiently deep in the ground to carry off the electric fluid, and the points sufficiently numerous, we cannot understand why the buildings did not escape injury. Certainly, after all that has been said upon the subject, the intelligent farmers of Eastern Ohio have not been ignorant or forgetful of the conditions necessary to be observed to prevent lightning rods from being [illegible] than useless.

AMUSING.

Travellers are often imposed upon by those who intend no imposition. Witness the following:

Lady Wortley, in her book of travels, gives the following anecdote as an instance how phlegmatically Americans will take matters, where their interference would be utterly useless and hopeless. The scene is supposed to be on board of the steamer Georgia, bound for Chagres, and the conversation between two passengers who are disturbed by noises made subsequently, ascertained, by deck passengers, seeking shelter from a brisk shower:

"What in thunder's the matter up there, sir? do you hear that infernal noise?"
"Yes, sir. Guess they're throwing that man overboard they talked of lynching to-day."
"Wal, sir, I do suppose that'll be it."
"Yes, sir."
"Good-night, sir!"
"Good-night to you, sir."

Now, so far from the above conversation being a proof of the "philosophical" character of the Americans, their taking things "coolly," as it is termed; it is probably nothing more than an instance of their habit of joking. We have no idea that either of the two thought there was a lynching going forward.

THE MASK THROWN OFF.

The Duke of Anhalt-Dessau, one of the small principalities of Germany, has suspended the Constitution of that Duchy, and dissolved its Chamber of Deputies. In his Proclamation, the Duke boldly throws off the mask, proclaims, in effect, that the Princes of Germany have received to disavow all their forced promises to the people, expunge the changes of the last three years, as an ugly and fearful episode in their history, and rule henceforth by Divine Right. As a correspondent of one of the English papers well says:—

The Duke declares, in express, unequivocal terms, that by virtue of his divine right, he issues an edict for the express purpose of violating a Constitution and laws sanctioned by himself, and which he has solemnly sworn and pledged himself to his subjects to uphold; and a very peculiar and remarkable feature of this princely deed is that both in the preamble and conclusion of the Proclamation, making it known, and in order, no doubt, to justify it, all religion, all godliness, all faith, is claimed as a monopoly for princes and their supporters, whilst all who oppose them are denounced as the reprobate and the ungodly, whom it is the first duty of governments to crush.

A General Warning.—We hope our readers do not hold us responsible for all the erroneous statements made every election as to who is successful. We give them always the most reliable returns we can find, and re-liable enough they often prove. The frequent errors in election returns come probably more from persons hastily stating as facts what they wish to be facts, than from any deliberate desire to deceive. It is so hard for a political partisan to believe that the people have deliberately gone and elected that infamous fellow Jo Brown, when they should have elected that immaculate patriot, John Smith.

New Publications.

NEW WORKS.

The following new works are on our table:

Lectures on the Lord's Prayer. By Wm. R. Williams. Published by Gould & Lincoln, Boston; and for sale by W. S. Martin, 144 Chestnut St., Phila.

A Practical Treatise on Manures. From the Recent Publications of the British Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. With Additional Notes by the American Editor. Published by E. S. Jones & Co., Phila.

Memoir of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, Late Rector of Watton, Herts. By the Rev. T. R. Birks, M. A. With an Introduction by Stephen H. Tyng, D.D. In two volumes. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

The Stone Mason of Saint Point. A Village Tale. By A. De Lamartine. Translated from the French. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

The Corsair. A Venetian Tale. Translated from the French, by Juliette Bauer. Published by Bunce & Brother, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

The Microscopist; or, A Complete Manual on the Use of the Microscope. For Physicians, Students, and all Lovers of Natural Science. With Illustrations by Joseph H. Wythes, M. D. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

The [illegible]. The August number. Published by Stavely & McCalla, Phila.

The Practical Calculator. By Oliver Byrne. Published by Henry Carey Baird, Philadelphia.

☞ To be Married Again.—A letter from Kentucky, says that the beautiful Sallie Ward, who parted from her former husband, Mr. Lawrence, on account of the latter restricting her liberty as to the use of paint, is about to be married to a Dr. Hunt, a near relative of Henry Clay.

☞ A case was recently decided in a Justice's Court in Boston, by which the defendant was mulcted in a fine of $10 and costs, for refusing to pay to the conductor on the Boston and Worcester Railroad five cents more than the regular fare—that being demanded, according to the regulations of the company, whenever passengers neglect to purchase tickets before starting, and pay their fare in the cars.

Our Correspondents.

LEAVES FROM SHANNONDALE.

NUMBER V.

[illegible]

Shannondale Springs.

Dear Mr. Peterson:—[illegible]

How charming, by the way, is this change of the seasons! Summer is lovely—oh, very lovely!—filling the whole soul to overflowing with its wealth of beauty. Yet when an early Autumn day comes, with its [illegible] aspect, with what an agreeable sense of change we turn from the glories of Summer to contemplate the coming calm delights of hearth and home.

The mountains to-day have donned a sober suit of gray and a veil of mist, [illegible] We will speak of the splendid glories [illegible] And we will talk of things more enduring than the mountain hills."

And oh! I could sit all among the hoary mountains to-day, as a child sits among the elders, but that I must busy myself with the gay [illegible] around me.

I promised your readers a description of Mademoiselle [illegible] and Major [illegible]'s wedding, which took place on Saturday, August 9th, at St. Peter's Church, Harper's Ferry.

If you received my last letter, you know already that the bride elect, attended by her bridesmaids and Doctor Bailey, left here on Friday for the purpose of meeting, by appointment, at Harper's Ferry, the bridegroom and his friends, who were to come up from Washington. The marriage ceremony was to be performed at nine o'clock in the morning, during Mass. As the distance between Shannondale and Harper's Ferry is sixteen miles, it was arranged that the company who were to attend the wedding, should leave here at three o'clock in the morning, in order to get there in time. We separated at night, reproaching each other for idle habits, and prophesying who would be most likely to keep the others waiting. I believe some of us were afraid to go to sleep, lest we should not wake in season. However, the proprietor took upon himself the responsibility of rousing us all up in time, and so, at half-past two o'clock, we were all rapped out of our beds. We arose, made a hasty toilet by candle-light, and assembled on the piazza, before which the carriages were waiting, and around which the bats were still flitting in clouds. While standing there waiting for those inevitable laggards, that ever delay a party, we were invited into the dining-room, where we took a cold snack. After which we entered the carriages and set off. The Eastern horizon was red with the coming sun when we crossed the ferry, and then, if there was no steeple chase, there was some fast driving, I assure you. We reached Charlestown by six o'clock, drove up to Carter's Hotel and ordered coffee, which we drank in the carriages. Immediately after which we resumed our journey, driving furiously over a smooth turnpike road that gradually ascended the summit of the Ridge, and as gradually declined to the Gorge of Harper's Ferry.

We drew up before Carroll's Hotel a little before eight o'clock. We alighted, and assembled in a large private parlor. The bridal party was as yet invisible.

At half-past eight o'clock we left the hotel for the church in advance of the bride and groom. The Catholic Church of St. Peter's is situated upon a tall and steep eminence, which we ascended by a flight of steps cut into the solid rock. We found the church crowded to suffocation. We were marshalled, however, into the front seats reserved for us immediately around the altar. Directly before the altar was the space reserved for the bride and groom and their attendants.

We had been seated about fifteen minutes when the bridal procession entered. The bride was arrayed in a rich but plain white satin, made with short sleeves and low neck. A simple white illusion scarf veil was fastened above her dark ringlets by a single orange flower bud. White kid gloves and white satin slippers completed her toilet. The bridesmaids wore simple dresses of white crape, with low neck and short sleeves—with the skirts deeply tucked and trimmed with narrow white satin ribbon. White gloves and slippers of course. All bridegrooms and groomsmen dress precisely alike. Ours did not vary from the established rule. In accordance with the solemn ritual of that church which holds marriage to be a sacrament, the bride and groom advanced slowly to the altar, and kneeling reverently, bowed their heads, while the mass commenced. Their attendants were ranged in order behind them. The officiating Priest was the Rev. Mr. Plunket. As this ceremony was performed during the grand sacrifice of the mass it occupied nearly an hour.

It was altogether the most solemn and impressive ritual I had ever witnessed. The single circumstance itself of two exiles,—each of whom had been so devoted to the cause of freedom—each of whom had been such a martyr to that love of liberty—each of whom had passed through such a stormy and disastrous era—each of whom banished from native country had come here to find in America a haven of rest or a field of enterprise—and in the other a "consolation." Verily life is full of promise and of hope. Let none say "All is over," and sit down in despair. Contemplate these two. How wretched and ruined seemed each when home and country and cause of liberty were all lost. Seemed there an object or a hope left them in life? Yet lo! each has met the other and found a compensation for all past sorrows and a hope for all coming years. God bless them!

Immediately after the ceremony we returned to the hotel, where an elegant collation, provided by the bridegroom, awaited us. When we had partaken of this, and when the bride had changed her bridal dress for a travelling habit, we set out on our return to Shannondale. We reached Charlestown about twelve o'clock, and stopped at Carter's to rest the horses. There a pleasant surprise awaited us. We were all invited into a room where a very nice luncheon was spread and offered us by the politeness of the host, Mr. Carter. Miss C—— presented the bride with a beautiful *bouquet*. We reached Shannondale about three o'clock, in time to dress for dinner. In the evening, we had the usual quadrilles and polkas—and as many people from the neighboring plantations and villages, came in in honor to the bride, we had a very large assembly. The bride disappeared at an early hour—but the dancing was kept up till very late.

I had a great many other things to tell you, but my sheet is filled—so good-bye. EDEN.

Foreign Items.

The United States steamship Baltic, which recently arrived at New York, made the passage in nine days, thirteen hours and forty-five minutes—*the shortest trip ever made across the Atlantic*. What will Johnny Bull say to that?

Lord Palmerston has announced in the House of Lords, that the British Ministry have received the most favorable assurances that Kossuth will be liberated on the 1st of September, which by the difference of our style, we call the 13th of September.

Arrivals from the Coast of Africa represent that the slave trade is almost broken up, owing to the vigilance of the combined fleet of cruisers, and the energetic measures recently taken at Brazil.

Paris has been occupied of late with giving fetes to the Managers of the London Exhibition.

The Report of the Russian defeats by the Circassians is confirmed. Nearly all the Russian strongholds which had been conquered and maintained at such an immense expense, have been again lost. *Report adds, that one of the commanders of the Hungarian campaign is to be commander-in-chief of the Circassian army.*

The judgment against M. Cabet, the leader of the Icarian Colony of Communists, at Nauvoo, has been reversed by the French Court, and he has been honorably discharged.

The House of Commons has sanctioned a clause in the Steam Navigation Bill, requiring British steam-ships' boilers to be fitted with safety-valves out of the control of the engineers.

[illegible]

The Austrian Government has issued a circular, [illegible]

The [illegible] of Evangelisti, at Rome, is said to be a woman of the people, who, having obtained from him, at the price of her virtue, the liberation of her husband, took the first opportunity of killing the author of her dishonor.

Alderman Salomons has not been admitted to a seat in Parliament, [illegible]. Baron Rothschild was [illegible] by 35 votes.

The first railway in Sweden has just been completed; it extends from the Lake of [illegible] to that of [illegible], in the district of [illegible], and is about seventy-five miles in length.

Emile Girardin, a distinguished French writer, has become a convert to the Peace Doctrines.

The National Intelligencer publishes a letter from a distinguished American officer at Constantinople, which says that there is a considerable number [illegible] of the Hungarian refugees [illegible] to this country. Some of them never saw Hungary.

The French military authorities at Rome have expelled the officers of the Inquisition from their quarters to make room for [illegible] troops, the proceeding has caused serious disagreement.

Miscellaneous.

"JUGS HAS RIS."

Some poor fellow in the Zanesville (Ohio) Courier, thus bemoans his hard fate since the passage of the No License Law:

Oh! you ought to hear Sam Jones relate
'Bout the good old times in our native State!
When almost every gurgling rill
In the Buckeye State could boast its still;
When the strong, pure juice of the rye and corn
Was flowing on from night till morn,
And every man could get a horn!
Oh, LIKKER was cheap, far cheaper than now—
A man could live without keeping a cow!
But Temp'rance has RIZ, Temp'rance AS IS,
And the price of our grog and jugs HAS RIZ.

Now Billy! just wipe 'em tears from your eye,
And ust me to own Distillery!
Dark ruins lie scattered here and there,
Where once our large Distilleries were!
But the STILLS are gone, and the WORM decay'd,
And their owners are in the churchyard laid;
And now, if you'd drive the fog from your throat,
You must carry a Flask in your hat or coat!
For Temp'rance has RIZ, Temp'rance AS IS,
And the price of our grog and jugs HAS RIZ.

Oh, CRACKEY! the joy good Rum will inspire,
When a ring is made round the Tavern fire!
Ah! what can compare to a Bacchus seat,
When the joke goes round, and the song and treat!
But the MANIFESTING places I ever saw
Are all shut up by the License Law,
And we must GUZZLE our LIKKER alone and raw!
Does I boast of our freedom? no, no, SIREE!
I DON'T, if LIKKER was cheap and free,
But Temp'rance has RIZ, Temp'rance AS IS,
And the price of our grog and jugs HAS RIZ.

I keeps my jug in the Coal-hole below,
But there it's a cost and a trouble, you know;
Every time I gets dry I must go to the cellar,
And the wimmin folks play sich tricks on a feller!
As sure as my name is Swipey P. Bokum!
I'm pizened to death! may Beelzebub choke 'em!
For they puts in my jug that tarterized *oakum*,
And Ipekakaey and Dragon of rotam!
One-half of my LIKKER, as I am a sinner,
Wont stay in that place where I puts in my dinner.
But Temp'rance has RIZ, Temp'rance AS IS,
And the price of our grog and jugs HAS RIZ.

AMERICANS AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

Mr. Greeley, in his last letter to the New York Tribune, says:—

Within the last few days, a very decided and gratifying change has taken place in the current of opinion here, with regard to American inventions and its results. One cause of this was the late formal trial of American (with other foreign) Ploughs, in the presence of the Agricultural Jury; which trial, though partial and hurried, was followed with immediate orders for an American Plough then tested (Starbuck's) from Englishmen, Belgians, and Frenchmen, including several Agricultural Societies.

If a hundred of these Ploughs were here they might be sold at once; in their absence, the full price has been paid down for some twenty or thirty, to be shipped at New York, and be thenceforth at the risk and cost of the buyers. And these orders have just commenced. The London journals which had reporters present, (some of which journals ridiculed our Farming Implements expressly a few weeks ago,) now grudgingly admit that the American Ploughs did their work with less draught than was required by their European rivals, but add that they did not do it so well. Such was not the judgment of other witnesses of the trial, as the purchases, among other things, attest.

Mr. J. S. Gwynne, of our State, whose "Balanced Centrifugal Pump" made a sensation and obtained a gold medal at our Institute Fair last October, is here with it, and proposes a public trial of its qualities in competition with the rival English pumps of Appold and Bessimer, for $1,000, to be paid by the loser to the Mechanics' Society.

Mr. Gwynne claims that the English Pumps (which have been among the chief attractions of the department of British machinery), are palpable plagiarisms from his invention, and not well done at that. He, of course, does not claim the idea of a Centrifugal Pump as his own, for it is much older than any of them, but he does claim that adaptation of the idea which has rendered it effective and valuable. I am reliably informed that he has just sold his Scotch patent only for the comfortable sum of £10,000 sterling, or nearly $50,000; and this is but one of several inventions which he has found a ready market for here at liberal prices. He is one of the several Americans who have recently sold their European patents here at high figures.

Even my New York friend, whose toadyism in exhibiting a capital pair of Oars inscribed "A present to the Prince of Wales," I have already characterized as it deserves, yesterday informed me that he had sold $15,000 worth of Oars here since the Fair opened.

How Bangor Got its Name.—The Portland Transcript, speaking of the miserable taste often displayed in the selection of names for towns, mentions a fact in the history of Bangor, Maine, which we do not remember to have seen before. It seems that when the early inhabitants of the town applied for an Act of Incorporation, they determined on the name of *Sunbury*, as descriptive of the pleasant location of the place.—But the person, to whom the matter was entrusted, substituted, upon his own authority, the name of *Bangor*, because he was very fond of the old tune of that name! Very many of our pleasant places have been disfigured in the same way, to suit the whim of some person destitute of taste.—*Boston Rambler.*

☞ While you are meditating revenge for a real or fancied injury, the devil is meditating another and around your soul.

THE DEVIL AT PISA.

[The following anecdote is told by the Florence correspondent of the London Times:

[illegible]

The Devil replied by an awful groan, the rattling of chains, and the outspreading of his claws to seize his prey. The Corsican, still undaunted, declared that he would not allow the body to be touched, and he warned the Devil that if he did not leave the place, he would send him back to his infernal regions faster than he came from them. To this speech the Devil replied by a scornful laugh, such as Zamiel, in *Der Freischutz*, used, and with another rattle of the chains, advanced to the coffin-side, on which the faithful friend produced a loaded pistol, and, taking sure aim, shot the Devil through the heart, and dropped him at his feet dead, as they say at Amsterdam, as a herring, or at Birmingham, as a door-nail.

The report of the pistol alarmed the police, and a number of those guardians of the night having appeared, they saw to their astonishment the corpse lying in its proper place, the Corsican sitting tranquilly by its side, and a bleeding mass covered with red and black, with a tremendous pair of horns, and the well-known tail. An explanation was soon given, and when the Devil was stripped of his finery, he turned out to be the bellman of the convent, employed, no doubt, by the friars, whose religious assistance was refused, for the purpose of giving a striking proof of the danger of dying without the consolations of the Church, and of the fate to which all impenitent sinners are exposed. The Corsican was tried and acquitted, as he showed that in the Tuscan code there was no penalty attached to shooting the Devil, and as he persisted in saying that when he fired he believed he had to deal with His Satanic Majesty, and no mortal representative. The best joke of all remains to be told, and that is, the friars of the convent declare that the whole story is a fabrication, and the Minister of Instruction announces that he will prosecute the *Gazzetta dei Tribunali* for having inserted it.

Clippings.

Who cups with Gripes will have nought of meat,
But then, to make amends, his sauce is sweet.
For why? by all mankind it is confest,
That hunger, of all sauces, is the best.

☞ A Cuban Heroine.—An accomplished lady, a friend and devotee of Cuban Independence—Donna Martina Pierra de Aguero—has taken the field, Gen. Lopez says, with the patriots, dressed in the garb of a soldier, and mounted on a splendid charger, encountering all the perils and fatigues of partisan warfare.

☞ There is only one objection to people who "mean well," and that is, they never find time to carry out their meaning.

☞ Victor Hugo, the celebrated French author, has addressed a letter against American slavery, to Mrs. Chapman, of Boston.

☞ It is said that M'lle Rachel, the French *tragedienne*, has entirely disposed of her future professional career to an English speculator, who designs to bring her to America.

☞ Vilification of Kossuth.—The Boston Pilot speaks of Kossuth as one who, with Mazzini and others, made a hell of Europe in 1848.

☞ Keep Warm!—This is queer advice for dog-days, but it is ten times more important than to keep cool. These hot days and cool nights,—these sudden changes of the weather—are what causes so much dysentery. Keep careful guard over them, and there is little danger. Children's clothing should be changed as often as the weather changes—so should everybody's—that is, if they wear very thin clothing when it is hot. If the bowels are kept warm, and not crammed with too much green stuff,—or any thing else for that matter—there is no more danger of dysentery than in the dead of winter.—*Nashua Telegraph.*

☞ A Natural Bridge has been discovered in Walker county, Alabama, by Professor Tuomey, in his geological explorations, which rivals the celebrated one in Virginia. It spans about one hundred and twenty feet, while its height is about seventy. It is formed of massive sandstone, and is very symmetrical.

☞ An upright minister asks, *what recommends a man to office? a corrupt one, who?*

☞ Cheap Music.—A writer in the Edinburgh Journal thinks that there is no reason why a piano should not be made as cheap as a clock. Some of the Yankee clocks cost five dollars. A piano at that price would be cheap music.

☞ The Louisville Journal says that efforts have been made in that city, to persuade *boys* some of them *not more than sixteen years old*, to enlist in an expedition against Cuba, under promises that they would be provided with every thing necessary for their comfort, and on their arrival receive $5,000.

ON AN INFANT WHO DIED VERY YOUNG.

I came to see the faces of Life one day,
Tired of the first act, and so went away.

☞ "The United States of Europe."—In his speech against the revision of the French Constitution, Victor Hugo said that the French people had "hewn out of indestructible granite the finest stone of that vast edifice that will hereafter be called the United States of Europe." This expression is reported to have called down "loud and long-continued cheering."

☞ Doctor Negrier, a celebrated French physician, announces that walnut leaves, dry or fresh, made into a decoction, will cure any scrofulous complaint, if the use of it be persevered in for several weeks or months, as the case may be mild or severe.

☞ The Feliciana (Louisiana) Whig says that the forests in that region are decaying rapidly, and some species of trees will probably be exterminated. The red oak and the beech are most frequently attacked by the epidemic, particularly the former, of which numbers are dead and dying, without any apparent cause.

☞ A Show at the Show.—The Daily News says that among the ladies who visited the Great Exhibition recently was one who was so stout that none of the many entrances in the transept was wide enough to admit her, and she consequently had to enter through the door allotted to pianos and other heavy goods at the West end of the building.

☞ It is said that next to the Crystal Palace, Barclay & Perkins's brewery, where the workmen twigged Haynau, "flogger of women" is the chief object of interest to the continental visitors in London.

☞ Hail stones weighing nearly two pounds are said to have recently fallen in New Hampshire. Probably "*a great many of them*" weighed two pounds.

☞ The fanciers of Cincinnati are getting touched with the poultry mania, which raged so fiercely in Boston. A gentleman has recently made a purchase of a cock and hen, for which he paid the nice little sum of $40.

☞ A Singular Court.—In the South American Republic of Chili, there is a Domestic Court—"a tribunal of fathers to decide in the case of minors complaining of the refusal of parents to permit their marriage." Unless the defendant can show satisfactory cause for refusal, the Court decrees the marriage to take place. The effect of this arrangement, it is stated, is to cause runaway matches to be comparatively scarce in Chili.

☞ Mr. Updike has a very inquiring turn of mind, and has thrown a great deal of light upon a variety of subjects. The other day he asked Mr. Ferguson, how many kinds of eels there are. Ferguson could only mention two—lamprey eels and silver eels. "Two more," said Updike, triumphantly; "*mackr-eels and pickr-eels.*"

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Saturday, Aug. 16, 1851.

[illegible]—[illegible] continues quite dull and inactive. The late foreign advices have imparted rather more firmness to Cotton, but otherwise they have had no effect upon the market. Breadstuffs of all descriptions have been in limited demand, and Rye Flour, Wheat and Corn have slightly declined. In Groceries there is no change worthy of notice. The stock of Provisions has become materially reduced, and prices of Bacon have further advanced. The money market continues tight, and the Banks are not only curtailing their discounts, but capitalists are particularly cautious in their selection of paper, and the best names cannot be negotiated at less than 12 per cent. Exchange on England is steady 110a110½.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts of Flour during the past week have been to a fair extent; the market, however, has been excessively dull and inactive, and only 1,000a2,000 bbls, mostly fresh ground, have been disposed of for export at $4 per barrel, including some unimproved Western at $3,75; sales in small lots for city consumption at $4a4,12½ for common and good brands, and $4,12½a4,62½ for extra lots and extra. Rye Flour is dull and lower—sales of 500 bbls at $3,25. Corn Meal has been in limited demand; sales of 1,000 bbls at $3,31¼a3,37½ per bbl for Pennsylvania, and $3,62½ for Brandywine.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the 14th inst., comprised—

Wheat Flour,	bbls	13,970
do.	half bbls	11
Rye Flour,	bbls	94
Corn Meal,	bbls	200

GRAIN.—The demand for Wheat has been limited, and prices have declined; sales of 20,000 bushels good and prime new Southern red at 80a88, white at 90a92, and prime old Pennsylvania at $1,01½ down to 95c per bushel. Rye is not so active; sales of Pennsylvania at 70a72c. Corn has arrived freely, and the demand being limited prices have declined 4a5 cts per bushel; sales of 20,000 bushels Southern yellow at 55 down to 60c, closing at the latter rate; and mixed Western at 60a62c. Oats are in fair request; sales of 10,000 bushels Southern at 30a33, and Pennsylvania at 33a34c per bushel.

PROVISIONS.—Pork is firm; small sales of Mess at $15,50, and Prime at $13 per bbl. In Beef no change. Bacon has been in good demand, and prices have further advanced. Sales of 3a400 casks [illegible] which 6a9c has been asked. Hams sell at 9a11 cts. Lard is steady; sales of 100 bbls at 9c per lb, and 1,300 kegs on terms kept private. In Butter and Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS.—The market is gradually becoming more active. A considerable number of the country dealers have made their appearance and commenced purchasing their fall supplies.

BARK.—There is no demand for Quercitron Bark, and no sales have been reported; we quote No 1 at $26,50 per ton. No Tanners' Bark arriving.

BEESWAX.—Continues scarce and in demand; small sales of good yellow at 25c per lb, cash.

CANDLES.—The demand is limited; small sales of Sperm at 43a45, and Tallow at 9a10c per lb.

COAL.—The demand for shipment is active, and as there has been an increased supply of colliers, the amount going forward is quite large; and prices are steadily maintained. No arrivals or sales of Alleghany Bituminous Coal.

COFFEE.—There has been a moderate demand, and prices are firm; sales of 3,000 bags, mostly Rio, at 8¾a9c per lb cash and on time.

COPPER.—Is dull; we quote English Sheathing at 21, and Yellow Metal at 17½c per lb 6 mos.

COTTON.—The late foreign advices are favorable to Cotton, and have imparted a better feeling to the market. There has been an increased demand, and in some instances rather higher rates have been realized; sales of 500 bales Upland and New Orleans at 8a10c per lb on time.

The following is a comparative statement of the receipts and stocks of Cotton at the shipping ports, from 1st Sept. to latest dates:

	Receipts 1850–51.	Receipts '49–50.	Stocks '50–51.	Stocks '49–50.
N. Orl'ns, bales	951,545	766,152	26,113	36,431
Mobile	431,951	331,611	34,550	31,400
Savannah	301,974	322,259	2,284	18,923
Charleston	390,193	380,341	23,115	30,409
Florida	178,411	179,857	6,230	9,963
Texas	41,860	30,378	441	300
Virginia	19,140	9,200	1,500	600
N. Carolina	12,380	9,680	300	300
Other Places	—	—	49,944	93,069
Total	2,300,701	2,030,584	138,700	210,204

The receipts at the different shipping ports to the latest dates show the following results:

Increase—	New Orleans, bales,	186,389	
	Mobile,	100,340	
	Charleston,	10,000	
	Texas,	11,701	
	Virginia,	9,940	
	North Carolina,	2,600—300,545	
Decrease—	Savannah,	21,265	
	Florida,	1,443—	22,708
	Total increase this season,		277,817

DRUGS AND DYES.—The market has been very quiet; small sales of Soda Ash at 3½; Sal Soda at 1¼, Cream Tartar 47½, and Ombro Madder at 9 cts per lb.

FEATHERS.—Are scarce; we quote good Western at 35a37c per lb, cash.

FISH.—The market is dull, but prices are unchanged; small sales of old No 1 Mackerel, from store, at $7,50a8, No 2 at $7,25, and new No 1 at $5.25 per bbl for large, and $4,50 for small. No change in Codfish.

FRUIT.—The market is quiet, and no sales of either Foreign or Domestic have been reported.

GINSENG.—Is in limited request. Small sales of Crude at 35c per lb cash.

GUANO.—Is in better demand, but prices are unchanged.

HEMP.—The market is firm, but no sales have transpired.

HIDES.—There have been no arrivals or sales this week.

HOPS.—Are dull. Small sales of Eastern and Western first sort at 6c per lb.

INDIGO.—Prices are firm, but no sales worthy of notice have transpired.

IRON.—The market continues very quiet, and the sales are confined to small lots at $21 per ton, 6 mos for No 1, and $20 for No 2. The last sale of Scotch Pig was at $19,50 6 mos. In Bar and Boiler Iron no change.

LEAD.—The market is inactive; a sale of Spanish at $4,75 and Galena at $4,80 cash.

LEATHER.—There is a fair demand for all descriptions without change in prices.

LUMBER.—Supplies of Laths continue to arrive freely; sales of 1,500,000 at $1,35a1,40, and some Pickets at $5,50 per M. Sales of Spruce Joist at $12 per M feet.

There was shipped by the Lehigh Canal during the week ending the 16th inst. Feet 1,601,161
Previously, 21,030,125
Total, 22,631,286

MOLASSES.—The market has been very quiet and the sales only amount to 2a300 hhds Cardenas at 20c, and poor Trinidad at 23c on time.

NAVAL STORES.—Prices of Rosin, Tar and Pitch are unchanged. Spirits of Turpentine sells in lots at 34a37c from the wharf at the former rate.

OILS.—Whale Oil is held firmly, and sales in both casks and bbls at 49c on time. We quote Sperm at $1,35a1,30 per gallon. Linseed Oil is dull at 70 cts. In Lard Oil no change.

PLASTER.—No arrivals or sales; we quote soft at $2,50 per ton.

SALT.—All the recent arrivals (about 3,500 sacks Ashton's Fine) have been disposed of on terms kept private.

SEED.—The stock of Cloverseed is all held by one house, and for a material advance. Small sales of Timothy from wagons at $2,62½a2,75 per bushel. Flaxseed is dull. We quote $1,40a1,50.

SPICES.—The sales are unimportant.

SPIRITS.—The sales of Brandy and Gin are only in small lots at quoted rates. N. E. Rum commands 28 cts. Whiskey is in limited request; sales of 400 bbls at 23a23½c; hhds are dull; sales at 23, 22½a23c, the latter price for city made.

SUGAR.—The demand has been limited, but prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 400 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 5a6¼c; and some Havana Yellow at 6¼c per lb on time.

TALLOW.—Is in limited request at former rates.

TEAS.—There is no new feature to present in the market this week.

TOBACCO.—Prices are firm for both Leaf and Manufactured on a very restricted scale.

WINE.—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

WOOL.—The receipts have been to a fair extent since our last report, but the demand continues limited, as the manufacturers purchase only for the supply of their immediate wants. The bulk of the supplies from the West have now been received and sold. The shipments from Pittsburg by canal from the opening of the navigation to the 1st inst., show a falling off of 536,000 pounds as compared with the same time last year. The week's sales comprise 40,000 lbs in small lots at our quotations.

FREIGHTS.—To Liverpool are dull, Quercitron Bark at 20s per ton; Flour 1s 6d; Grain 4½d per bushel. Coffees are in good demand at 90a95c to New York; $1,20a1,25 to Providence and Fall River and $1,50a1,55 to Boston.—*Inquirer.*

NEW YORK MARKETS, AUG. 16.

Ashes—A fair demand, with sales of 200 bbls at $5,25 for Pots, and $5,50 for Pearls.

Cotton—The market is dull but firm—sales 500 bales.

Flour, &c.—There is less doing in Flour, and the market for common descriptions is very heavy. Sales 6,500 bbls at $3,69a$3,87½ for Michigan; $3,87½ for State; $3,87½a$4,06¼ for Ohio, and $4a$4,12½ for pure Genesee. Canadian is lower, with sales of 1,400 bbls at $4a$4,06¼. Southern Flour is also lower. About 1,000 bbls were sold at $4a$4,25 for mixed and straight brands. Rye Flour is dull. Corn Meal is steady, with sales of 100 bbls Jersey at $3,31.

Grain—For wheat the market is lower. Sales of 5,500 bushels white Michigan at 93c; 1,400 Ohio at about 92c; 2,700 new red Southern at 91a92, and 5,000 Canadian rumored at 94c. Rye is quiet at previous rates. Corn is dull and lower—sales 2,700 bushels at 46a50c for damaged, and 55a56c for sound Western mixed. Oats are dull at 41a42c for Northern.

Provisions—In the Pork market there is nothing of importance doing, and prices are nominal at $14,62½ and $12,75a12,87½ for new Mess and Prime. Beef is steady, with moderate sales. Cut Meats are better, with sales of 36,000 lbs dry Shoulders at 7c. Lard steady, sales 200 bbls at 9a9½c.

Whiskey—A dull market; 100 bbls sold at 23a23½ for Ohio and Prison. Dredge is nominal at 22c.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c. &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

In a portion of our last week's edition, we were able to chronicle the arrival of the Prometheus, with $500,000 in gold, and advices to July 15th. This was the trial trip by the new route,—by the way of Nicaragua and the river San Juan—and occupied only 27 days.

The Vigilance Committee in San Francisco have committed another murder—a man named Stuart being the victim. According to a confession made by him, which may be true, but which is probably grossly exaggerated—for villains have a great propensity to magnify their accomplishments, especially when they know it will gratify some five hundred listeners—he had committed innumerable offences. Of the Committee it is said: "There were nearly a thousand of them, principally composed of our oldest, best-known, and most prominent citizens, merchants, bankers, mechanics, and business men of every description." After hanging about 20 minutes, Stuart was cut down. The authorities appear to have been completely overawed.

It is pleasant to learn that a man by the name of Metcalf, has brought a suit against the Vigilance Committee for damages, by false imprisonment and otherwise, and employed Messrs. Lockwood, Tilford and Randolph to prosecute it. The Committee politely requested the firm not to undertake the suit; whereupon the legal gentlemen declared their determination to urge this suit, "and all others of a similar nature in which they may be employed, with the utmost of their ability, and to the end of the law." It seems that the Committee had taken the liberty of entering Metcalf's house and overhauling his trunks for stolen goods, without the least legal authority whatever.

Judge Campbell, of San Francisco, charged the Grand Jury the day after the hanging of Stuart, as follows:

The question has now arisen, whether the laws made by the constituted authorities of the State are to be obeyed and executed, or whether secret societies are to frame and execute laws for the Government of this country, and to exercise supreme power over the lives, liberty and property of our citizens. Whether we are now to abandon all those principles which lie at the foundation of American law, and are the birthright of every citizen; which from the earliest period of American history up to the present time, have ever been cherished by the good, the wise and the great. Are the people willing to throw away all the safeguards which the experience of ages has proved necessary; to trample the Laws and Constitution under foot; to declare that law is inconsistent with liberty; and to place life, liberty, property and reputation at the mercy of a secret society?

If such be the disposition of the people—if the Spanish Inquisition is to be revived here with all and more than all its former terrors—if without, or in defiance of all legal process, by the mere order of a Committee, men are to be arrested, secretly tried, and suddenly executed; if the tap of a bell is to be the signal for hundreds of armed men to assemble together instantly, and to execute in open day their unlawful and treasonable designs—it is time for every man who values his life, safety and honor, to shake the dust from his feet and seek out some new home, where he may hope to enjoy the blessings of liberty under the law. But if, on the other hand, we have not quite forgotten all the principles upon which our Government was formed; if we believe that the Constitution and Laws of our country should be reverenced and obeyed, that public order and tranquillity should be preserved; if we believe that persons accused of crime should have an open, public and impartial trial by a fair jury of unprejudiced citizens, and should have a reasonable opportunity of making their defence—of employing counsel, and summoning witnesses; if we believe that the good name and reputation of our citizens is to be protected from a secret scrutiny where accusations are made under the influence of fear by persons of questionable character; if we believe that our houses are to be protected from unreasonable searches, without color of authority; if, in short, we are friendly to peace, law, and order, and opposed to anarchy, it is our solemn and bounden duty to take immediate and energetic measures for the suppression of the spirit of reckless lawlessness, which over-rides the laws and sets the Constitution at defiance.

Every person who in any manner acted, aided, abetted, or assisted in taking Stuart's life, or counselled or encouraged his death, is unquestionably guilty of murder. It is your sworn and solemn duty, which you cannot evade without perjuring yourselves, carefully and fully to investigate this matter, and to do your share towards bringing the guilty to punishment. Upon your fearless and faithful discharge of the trust confided to you, depends, in a great measure, the future peace, order and tranquillity of the community.

This charge, if energetically followed out, will be a laurel crown to the fearless Judge who uttered it, when the names of the "respectable" lynchers shall be consigned to merited contempt.

The Mayor, C. J. Brenham, has also appealed to the citizens to withdraw from all unlawful associations. He says:

They (the Committee) claim and exercise the right of domiciliary visits, without any accountability, of a character not known under any other than inquisitorial governments. The great and sacred writ of *habeas corpus* has been rendered by them ineffectual, and the authority of the highest tribunal of the State disregarded.

The idea that any defects in the law, or any incompetency of its execution, can be remedied by voluntary associations of citizens, assuming a superiority to the laws, is not only preposterous, but implies an abrogation of all law, and resolves society into a state of perfect anarchy.

The result is inevitably the same, however intelligent may be the minds, pure the motives, or temporarily beneficial the acts of those who become so associated.

In a community like ours, where the institutions of government have but just been established, any combinations of citizens for purposes not authorized by law, and whose proceedings are not controlled by law, or subservient to the support of constituted authority, can have no other than an insurrectionary tendency throughout the commonwealth; and must, to an absolute certainty, inflict disgrace upon us, in the estimation of our countrymen in other parts of the Union, and ruin the confidence which it is of first necessity to our prosperity to secure throughout the commercial world.

With these views I feel impelled, by the strongest sense of official duty, and by every consideration for our commonwealth and public character, to call upon all citizens to withdraw from such associations, and to unite in a common effort to support the laws, and to sustain a prompt and energetic administration of them in their proper application and action.

In addition, I deem the present a proper occasion to announce, in the most distinct terms, that I shall not shrink from a prompt discharge of the duties which the statutes of the State and the ordinances of the city have made imperative upon me.

As a fitting commentary upon the doings of the "respectable" rioters at San Francisco, we have the following account of the *hanging of a woman* in one of the mining districts, for stabbing a man who had insulted her. This is always the way with mob-law; it begins in some show of justice, and ends in gross injustice and fiendish barbarity.

A WOMAN HUNG AT DOWNIEVILLE.—We are informed by Deputy Sheriff Gray, that on Saturday afternoon a Spanish woman was hung for stabbing to the heart a man by the name of Cannon, killing him instantly. Mr. Gray informs us that the deceased, in company with some others, had the night previously entered the house of the woman and created a riot and disturbance, which so outraged her, that when he presented himself the next morning to apologize for his behaviour, he was met at the door by the female, who had in her hand a large Bowie knife, which she instantly drove into his heart.

She was immediately arrested, tried, sentenced, and hung at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. She did not exhibit the least fear, walking up a small ladder to the scaffold, and placing the rope round her neck with her own hands, first gracefully removing two plaits of raven black hair from her shoulders, to make room for the fatal cord. Some five or six hundred witnessed the execution. On being asked if she had anything to say, she replied, "Nothing; but I would do the same thing again if I was so provoked"—and that she wished her remains to be decently taken care of.—*Marysville Herald, 8th instant.*

Mining affairs seem to be more prosperous in the State; and the last burnt district in San Francisco was being rapidly rebuilt.

VIRGINIA LANDS.—The "Major Scott Farm," in Loudoun county, Va., consisting of twelve hundred acres, was sold by Dyer & McGuire, in Washington, on the 4th inst., for $12,455. It is said to be good river-bottom and timbered land, having a store house right on the Potomac, from which boats can be loaded and taken direct to market. The price is considered very low. Wm. Selden is the purchaser.

JENNY LIND.—Jenny 'stends, it is said, to give concerts in this country during the present winter. Another report is that Benedict and Belletti have gone to Europe to engage a sufficient number of singers to form a complete opera troupe, of which Jenny Lind will be the prima donna. The first report may be true—the last is very doubtful.

POLITICAL NEWS.

VIRGINIA.—The new Constitution of Virginia requires nothing of the voter, except that he be a white male, over 21, resident in the State for two years, and in the county or city where he offers to vote, for one year. It is thought that this will more than double the number of voters in Virginia.

MR. WEBSTER.—A Washington despatch to the New York Herald says: "It is stated that Mr. Webster will not return to this city as Secretary of State. He will remain away till about the assembling of Congress, when he will tender his resignation. The position which his friends have placed him in, renders it, in his opinion, indelicate that he should remain in the Cabinet."

SOUTH CAROLINA.—There is said to be (by the "Greenville Patriot") a great reaction in South Carolina. The names of six papers, and of a number of eminent men, are given as opposed to separate secession.

VERY RICH.—Thos. F. Marshall, recently elected a representative to the Kentucky Legislature as an Independent candidate, who has been acting for some years past with the Democrats, has recently announced his return to his first love, the Whigs, from whom he had voluntarily divorced himself. His manner of doing it was characteristic. At a Democratic meeting—

He acknowledged that he owed his election to them, and he set himself down as debtor for that. But he had supported Mr. Polk, and otherwise done the party some service; for that he claimed a credit, and called upon the Democratic present to say on which side the balance stood. Some of them cried out, "Oh, we're indebted to you." "Well," said Marshall, "I forgive you the balance, square the account, close the books, and from henceforth I am a Whig forever."

PRESIDENT FILLMORE ON THE UNION.—The President recently said, in a speech at Staunton, Virginia:

I have no promises to make, except that in all I do I shall take the Constitution for my guide, and will assume all the responsibilities it imposes, whatever the sacrifice may be; and while that flag floats, (pointing to the national flag suspended from the hotel,) I will maintain that Constitution and the Union it secures at any and every cost. (Great applause.)

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—The New York Herald gives the following account of the next Congress:

The Twenty-Second Congress will be largely Democratic. Of the 62 members of the Senate, 59 have been elected, and of these, 35 are Democrats and 24 Whigs. Two of the Democrats and three of the Whigs are Free Soil. There are three vacancies, viz.—one in Connecticut, one in Tennessee, and one in California. The Legislature of Tennessee, just elected, is said to be Whig in both branches, which, of course, secures the election of a Whig Senator. The California Senator will probably be Democratic. Connecticut doubtful. Of the 233 members of the House, 191 have been elected, of which 110 are Democrats, and 81 Whigs, a Democratic gain of 51. Eight States have yet to elect their Representatives, and taking the last Congress as a test of their political character, the return will be 10 Whigs and 32 Democrats, making the total strength of the two parties in the House stand as follows: Whigs 91, Democrats 142. If by any chance the election of President should devolve upon the House, the Democratic candidate will, of course, be elected.

ALABAMA.—Henry W. Collier, the Secessionist candidate for Governor, has been elected. Telegraphic accounts to the contrary, incorrect.—Five Union and two Secession Congressmen are said to be chosen.

KENTUCKY.—Powell (Democrat) is believed to be elected—notwithstanding reports to the contrary. Whig Lieutenant-Governor elected. C. M. Clay (Emancipationist) has 2,180 votes in 60 counties. In Madison, (where Clay resides) Dixon had 756, Clay 670, and Powell 518.

TENNESSEE.—Campbell is believed to be undoubtedly elected. The Whig majority in the Senate is said to be 7, and in the House 8. The Whigs also gain, it is said, one member of Congress.

COLORED CONVENTION.—A Convention of free people of color, in session at Indianapolis, is occupied in deliberating upon various matters relating to the interests of its constituents as a class.

There is said to exist among its members a strong inclination to remove out of the State of Indiana to some other country, where they hope to enjoy greater social advantages. After much debate, a resolution was adopted by a large majority, providing that should the laws of the State become so oppressive as to be intolerable, they would recommend their people to emigrate to Canada, Jamaica, or elsewhere, in preference to Liberia, against which there appeared to be a violent prejudice in the Convention.

Among the countries spoken of for the purpose of emigration, besides those mentioned, are Mexico, New Grenada and Central America; but Canada is generally regarded as most eligible, on account of its accessibility. At last accounts, the Convention had under discussion a resolution somewhat contradictory to that which had just been passed. It asserts, in substance, that the free negroes have a right to remain, if they choose, in the United States, the land of their nativity, and it accordingly recommends them to stay here, and strive for their moral, social, political and intellectual elevation.—It was expected that the resolution would be defeated.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—The slave trade on the Coast of Africa is nearly extinguished. North of the Equator, for the distance of twenty-five hundred miles along the coast, the slave trade has been utterly extinguished, with the exception of that carried on at Lagos, Porto Novo, and another factory on the slave coast. In fact the whole trade on the Western Coast of Africa is now confined to these three points, and eight or ten factories in the Congo country, occupying a line of coast of less than three hundred miles in length. The old seats of the trade about the mouths of the Niger, have been entirely broken up by the blockade, and the natives are now applying themselves exclusively to legitimate traffic in palm oil and other articles of commerce. Forty or fifty vessels now carry on a regular trade with that part of the country. On the Eastern Coast, the traffic has been very greatly diminished on account of new facilities for operating against it lately afforded by the Imaum of Muscat. It is calculated, and probably with correctness, that throughout the continent of Africa, at least twenty millions of human beings who were formerly exposed to the horrid slave traffic, are now entirely exempt from its cruelties.

ABOLITION EXCITEMENT IN NORTH CAROLINA.—We learn from the Wilmington Commercial that an Abolition meeting was held in Guilford Co., N. C., on Saturday week.

About three or four hundred assembled—one-third of them Abolitionists. It having been reported that Crooks, a noted Abolitionist, and Bacon, his associate, would hold forth, a delegation from the other side attended. Both parties were armed with guns, pistols and clubs, prepared for the worst. A certain Abolition captain appearing with his company on the ground, fully equipped, was immediately ordered by General Simpson to disband his men, which was done in double quick time. The People's Press, in remarking upon these proceedings, says:

"Several gentlemen addressed the company in opposition to the course the Abolitionists are pursuing, and extracts were read from the Annual Report of the Abolition Society of the North, in which the names of Crooks, McBride and Bacon appeared as emissaries sent out to Virginia and North Carolina, to labor in the cause of Abolition, stating, we believe, that they had been instrumental in running off near one hundred slaves in the above-named States, during the past year."

FROM NEW MEXICO.—The two great political parties of this country are designated by their different leaders, viz.: R. H. Weightman, or Whig party, and A. W. Reynolds, or Democratic party. Both the above named leaders are candidates for Delegate to the Congress of the United States.

The House of Representatives is divided as follows:—Whigs 15, Democrats 6. The Senate—Whig 1, Democrat 1. The election for Delegate will take place in August.

An act had been passed by the Legislature, incorporating the City of Santa Fe, and the election for City officers was to take place on the 1st Monday of August.

SLAVE CASE.—Among the recent arrivals at New York from California, were a Missourian and his alleged slave, on their way to Missouri. The slave had been employed in the mines, and had earned for his master over two thousand dollars. Upon their arrival at New York, the slave claimed his freedom, and also the money that he had earned, on the well-known legal ground that the Constitution only authorizes the return of *fugitives* from the free States, and not slaves taken into free States by the owner's consent. The slave stated that it was impossible to obtain his liberty at the diggings, on account of the presence of many Southerners, and that other slaves were also there.

ROMAN CATHOLIC FUNERALS.—A letter from Mr. J. B. Stouvenel, of Twenty-third Street, appears in the New York Courrier des Etats Unis, in which it is said that Archbishop Hughes has forbidden his subordinate clergy to officiate at the funeral of any person who is not to be interred in the Roman Catholic cemetery at Williamsburgh. Deceased members of the Masonic and Odd Fellows' Societies are also denied the burial services of the Roman Church.—*N. York Advertiser.*

THE CHARLESTON FORTS.—The "Mercury" charges President Fillmore with concentrating troops and munitions of war around Charleston, for the purpose of overawing the people. The editor says, Fort Moultrie and Pinkney are full of men, and alive with artillery practice, and that the unfinished fortress in the middle of the harbor is prominently armed and——

THE BRAZIER FLYING MACHINE.—The inventor of this contrivance, Don Diego de Salamanca and his daughters, are about to arrive at Paris, to show the effects of this marvellous invention. The machine is very simple; it consists of a tunic two feet long and one foot wide, adapted to a band of leather round the waist, buckled behind. Two iron rods, fastened to the case, support a small piece of wood on which the feet repose. The case contains a simple and ingenious mechanism, similar to that employed to set an automaton in motion. The mechanism is worked by means of a handle. It sets to work two large wings, ten feet long, made of very thin cane, covered with feathers; and the wings may be so worked as to produce vertical, perpendicular or horizontal flying. The number of turns given to the handle, determines the height to which it is desired to go. The handle has also to be turned every quarter of a league, to regulate the distance. The operation of turning lasts a minute. Horizontal flying is the most difficult; the wings beat the air like the oars of a boat, or rather as the feet of the swan when it swims. By means of this curious machine, a man can go almost as rapidly as a carrier-pigeon, from the Hotel de Ville to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile in eight minutes, and in half-an-hour to Versailles. Hem!

LOLA MONTES.—A description of some recent French races, says:

There was present the famed Lola Montes, Countess of Mansfeld, who had come thither to meet her friends and bid them farewell. It is reported that the jockey club has decided to give her a grand dinner, where she will be the only female among one hundred and fifty men—fearless and unabashed. Where goes Mdme. Lola Montes? This is still a problem, and some say that Lumley has engaged her, and some others, Barnum, for the United States. This rumor has been caused by the great exertions lately made by this woman to resume her career of a danseuse. It is also whispered by some other persons, that Mdme. de Mansfeldt is more ambitious than is believed; the good fortune she met with from the King of Bavaria, has not been forgotten, and she intends trying again her luck with another crowned head of the world. Faustin I., Emperor of Hayti, will perhaps be that King. It is said that the intention of this potentate is, to divorce himself from his "negro wench," and to change his "Josephine" for a white "Marie Louise." Will Lola succeed? This is, no doubt, a very daring task on her part; and if a woman is able to succeed, no doubt she is. If any one was to read to us, in a month or two, the intelligence that Lola Montes had been crowned Empress of Hayti, I should not doubt it. Mdme. Anna Thillon, the pretty and sweet cantatrice, has been engaged by the representative of Faustin, in London, to go and sing in presence of his lord and master.

SMALL DEBTS.—The collection of small debts in Maryland is very effectually provided for since the abolition of imprisonment of debtors. A man who has obtained a judgment against another holding no property, can for the sum of twenty-five cents procure an attachment against his wages, which is duly served on his employer, notifying him to appear at the office of the Magistrate in not less than twenty, nor more than thirty days, to answer as to the amount of wages due the debtor before the laying of the attachment, and all that may be earned by him during the twenty or thirty days given for the return of the attachment; and requiring said employer to retain all such wages, and pay them to the creditor to the amount of his claim. Should an employer neglect or refuse to retain the money due the debtor working for him, and pay it to him, said employer becomes, under the law, liable for the amount of the wages so paid away, and it can be recovered by execution against *his* property. And he is compelled to disclose the amount of moneys due the debtor by him, on oath, under the penalty of being committed for contempt.

PAINFUL RUMOR.—The Wilkinson Whig, August 1st, records the following sad event:—"During the last few days a report has been in circulation in our vicinity to the following effect:—It is stated that on Friday last, as three children were returning to their home from school, near Liberty, in Amite County, they were overtaken by a pack of dogs in pursuit of runaway negroes. The dogs fell upon them, and before assistance could be rendered, killed and nearly devoured every one of them. The father of the children, hearing their screams, and the barking of the dogs, ran out with his gun and succeeded in killing two of them. At this time the owners of the dogs rode up, and threatened to shoot the father if he shot any more of his dogs. The distressed father reloaded his gun, and deliberately shot the owner of the dogs through the heart; after which he gave himself up, was tried and discharged. We have not heard the names of any of the parties."—*N. O. Picayune.*

A BELGIAN SOMERSET.—At the last Brussels races the young Marquis d'Ast, a Belgian lion of the very first rank, chose to ride swiftly through an interdicted path. He was stopped by a soldier, one of the armed force entrusted with the police superintendence of the locality, who civilly requested him to withdraw. The hot-headed Marquis answered the summons by striking the man with his whip and riding on.—He was arrested and sentenced, like the English Captain, Somerset, to a week's imprisonment.—The affair, however, did not terminate there. The soldier was brought before a military tribunal, and was sentenced to seven days' arrest for not cutting down the individual who had dared to force his post. As for the Marquis, as soon as he was liberated, he was challenged to fight by every officer in the regiment of which the soldier in question is a member, and the striking of whom was looked upon as an insult to all.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

CHLOROFORM AND ETHERIZATION IN CHILD-BIRTH.—The Half-Yearly Abstract of Medical Sciences, No. 13, 1851, besides many valuable articles to the profession, contains one of very general interest on the use of chloroform or etherization in cases of child-birth. Dr. Murphy gives five hundred and forty cases in which chloroform was used with the happiest effects and no accidents. Dr. Simpson gives one hundred and fifty cases of a like nature. Dr. Simpson gives one thousand five hundred and nineteen cases of females subjected to anaesthetic agents, without any accidents occurring. Other physicians have contrasted the natural labor with those under the influence of chloroform, with results entirely in favor of anaesthesia.

MOSS.—The Louisianians have, by recent chemical improvements, converted the moss which grows in the South in great profusion in the swamps, and is found hanging in natural festoons from the trees, into an article of high commercial importance. It is more valuable than hair for upholstery purposes, and as it is prepared in Louisiana in a few hours, it is completely cleansed of its outer covering, and nothing is left but its wiry and elastic centre. It is a capital material for stuffing beds. Immense amounts of this article grow in the extreme Southern States, Louisiana, Florida, Alabama and Carolina, which by this new process, may be converted to valuable purposes.

ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN.—The last Legislature of this State, passed a law which provides that children born out of wedlock shall be legal heirs of their mother, in precisely the same manner and to the same extent as if they were not illegitimate. The Hartford Republican suggests that the law is well enough so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. Inasmuch as this class of children are very apt to have fathers as well as mothers, it thinks that they should be legal heirs of both parents. We can think of no objection to such a law, except that it may tend to encourage children to be born in an illegitimate manner.—*Lowell (Mass.) American.*

THE FIRST ACT OF WAR.—The Southern Republic, a paper published at Camden, S. C., gives us a definition of what will constitute the first assault upon South Carolina by the General Government, constituting an act of war, that is, the application of force to keep South Carolina in the Union. "The '*first assault*' will be the retaining of the forts about Charleston. Unless the United States withdraws all its forces from the posts, and surrenders them at once to the new sovereignty, that will be an '*act of war.*' South Carolina will proceed to attack and take them: that will be an act of *defence.*"

COTTON.—At a recent meeting of cotton growers at Tallahassee, the following statistics were given, showing the average number of bales produced annually during several periods of five years each:—

		PRODUCTION.
Average from	1825 to 1830,	1,231,000 bales per an.
" "	1830 to 1835,	1,450,000 "
" "	1835 to 1840,	1,919,000 "
" "	1840 to 1845,	2,561,000 "
" "	1845 to 1850,	2,791,000 "
		9,952,000

NICE STATE OF THINGS IN ITALY.—Mr. Gladstone, a *Tory* member of Parliament, has written a letter lately, making the most horrible disclosures as to the barbarous and cruel oppressions practiced at Naples, where he has been residing. Extracts given by the London Leader are most revolting. He describes the shocking brutality with which the prisoners, political as well as others, are treated; how gentlemen of refined education are crowded into filthy dens, like wild beasts; how they are condemned on baseless charges got up by hired perjurers, and how some of the very judges are bought up to condemn them.

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.—The second cook of the steamboat Buckeye State, named Daniels, was arrested at Buffalo, New York, on the 16th, as a fugitive slave from Louisville, Kentucky. When he was taken, the agent of the claimant (a man named Rust,) stepped up behind him while he was passing along on the boat at his ordinary avocations, and felled him to the deck with one blow of a billet of wood. The blow was a severe one, laying open the back part of his head and rendering him senseless. The excuse given for this act was understood, by some who were present at the examination to be, that he had a carving knife in his hand, with which he intended to attack his assailant. An attempt was made to take him to jail in a private carriage, but a very large and excited crowd blocked up the passage, seizing the horses by the bits, and making threats of violence if he was not released. The fire bells were rung, which served in a measure, to disperse the crowd, and he was then taken to the watch-house, still followed by a large number of persons. He was taken up to the Court-House under charge of the Mayor, a large body of police, and two or three companies of firemen, who were called out for the occasion. Considerable difficulty was experienced in the undertaking, and several persons, acting as guardians, were dragged down and trampled under foot by the enraged multitude. The examination was held before United States Commissioner H. K. Smith. Only one witness was sworn—the same person that knocked the negro down. The negro did not deny being a slave. The examination was, consequently, brief, and resulted in an order for his return to Kentucky. He was then remanded to jail, whence he was taken without much trouble.

Rust, the agent, was then arrested on a charge of assault and battery with intent to kill.

THE HIGHER LAW.—Chief Justice Shepley, of Maine, in his charge to the Jury at Belfast, took occasion to express his opinions on the subject of duty to law. In answer to the question, "Is a citizen bound to obey an unconstitutional law?" he replied:

A person may believe that an act of the Legislature is unauthorized by the Constitution of the State, or of the United States; and the inquiry is presented whether he should obey it. It will be his first duty to ascertain, if possible, whether there is good reason to believe that his belief is a correct one. After obtaining the best information within his power, should he continue to be of the same opinion, he may assume the responsibility, disregard the enactment, and abide the consequences.

The rule of duty is plain. A man may disregard a law which he believes to be in violation of the Constitution, and abide the consequences upon his person or property; but he must not offer the least resistance to the regular execution of such a law, or incite others to do so, however severely it may act upon his person, property, or rights. He must seek redress through a regular course of legal proceedings.

In answer to the question, "Is a citizen bound to obey a law which he believes contrary to the law of God?" he said:

His first duty is to ascertain whether the act is clearly and directly opposed to the divine law. When this has been ascertained clearly, as when, for example, such an act should require him to hate and to kill his enemy, while the divine law declares "thou shalt love thine enemies," and "thou shalt not kill," the human law is to be disobeyed, and the divine law obeyed. The person is not at liberty to obey the human law.

FLAX COTTON.—Dr. Leavitt, of Maysville, Kentucky, the inventor of a new process for making linen from unrotted flax and hemp, yesterday showed us some samples of linen yarns of excellent quality, fine enough for shirt linen, which he says can be produced as cheap as cotton yarns of the same fineness. He showed us also samples of the raw material in the various stages of preparation, and, so far as we can judge, he makes out a very clear case. This process is entirely different from Claussen's invention.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

AIR GUNS.—We learn from the New York Scientific American, that a Mr. Arstale, of Birmingham, England, has invented an improvement on air guns, by means of which from one hundred and fifty to two hundred bullets may be discharged in rapid succession, without other ammunition than a small reservoir of air carried by the "operator," attached by a gutta percha tube to the stock of the gun. The whole apparatus is lighter than a common musket, but it does propel the bullets with the force of gunpowder.

INVERTED LOCOMOTION.—Some interest has been excited in Pittsburg by the performance of a Mr. McCormick, who walks, head downwards, on (or rather under) a slab of polished marble, to which his feet attach themselves, as he asserts, by atmospheric pressure. He made some six or seven steps, the slab being only nine feet long. This experiment is said to be the result of many years research and labor, and involving philosophical principles.

☞ Endeavors are about to be made by some gentlemen in Liverpool, to naturalize American quails and prairie-fowls in England. The quails are to be turned into close preserves, where they will be kept together and fed till the breeding season, when they will be allowed to lead their young at full liberty, and find their food as they please. The prairie-hens are to be tried in the woods, pheasant preserves, moors and meadows.

☞ The discovery of the Saratoga Springs was made only 59 years ago, though it is probable that the Indians knew of their virtues.—John Taylor Gilmore, some time Governor of New Hampshire, but then a member of Congress, while shooting in the neighborhood, in the summer of 1792, found the effervescent water gushing from the spring of a rock, and the spring almost immediately afterwards became famous.

DROWSINESS, Swimming of the Head, a Roaring Noise in the Ears, Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for the above unpleasant complaints, because they purge from the body those stagnant and corrupt humors which, when floating in the general mass of the circulation, are the cause of a rush of blood to the head, giddiness, dimness of sight, drowsiness, pain of the head, and other symptoms of a corrupt state of the blood.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are also one of the very best medicines in the world for the cure of indigestion, and therefore will not only remove all the above unpleasant symptoms, but will most assuredly restore the body to a sound state of health.

Beware of Counterfeits!—The genuine will be found for sale by agents and dealers in all parts of the United States and Canadas.

Principal Office 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia.

Local News.

IMPROVEMENT IN CARRIAGE BUILDING.—E. Haskell & Co., carriage manufacturers of this city, have recently constructed several vehicles with Everett's patent coupling, and have also adapted it to one or two old ones. This plan of coupling has hitherto been a desideratum, and the great wonder now is, after the experiment has been successfully tested, and the advantages realized, that the discovery was not made long ago. This improvement admits the use of large fore-wheels with all the advantages derived from them in saving friction and surmounting obstacles with facility, and at the same time obviating or entirely removing the disadvantages which have attended their employment. With this improvement a carriage can be turned in as short a space as those that have small wheels which run under the body.

The wheels with this coupling never touch the body of the vehicle, and the several parts of the running gears are so arranged, with an additional improvement made by Haskell & Co., as to give a greater degree of strength than the old method of coupling.

This plan is applicable to all vehicles where it is desirable to have large fore wheels, and for physicians' carriages and others, where much travelling and frequent turning is necessary, the improvement is peculiarly important.

Vehicles upon this plan, in turning entirely around, describe circles from one third to one-half less than those constructed differently; besides which, either fore wheel can be so completely turned in, and hence out of the way, that the facilities for getting in and out are appreciable at once by every one.

Great advantages are presented in crossing or turning in streets, over railroad tracks, inasmuch as the vehicle can be turned from a parallel line with the rails, directly across them, without sliding a single inch.

We have been informed that this improved plan has been adopted in Baltimore and New York, and we have little doubt that ere long all carriages will be constructed in this city upon it.

THE NECESSITY OF RECORDING DEEDS.—The importance of putting deeds upon record immediately after execution, is of more importance than is really supposed, owing to the recent decision of Judge Coulter, of the Supreme Court, in the case of Salter vs. Reed. The defendant in this suit held a lot of ground subject to a ground rent, which was sold for non payment of lien for water pipes. The ground rent deed was not recorded, and no notice was given of it at the Sheriff's sale. Salter purchased at the sale, and subsequently upon judgment confessed for arrears of ground rent—Reed again purchased the property. Salter, however, gave notice at the subsequent sale of his title.

The Supreme Court held, that in consequence of the holder of the ground rent neglecting to put his deed on record, he was stopped from denying the validity of the sale to Salter. Thus was the grantor of the lot in question, by his failure to record his deed, deprived of his lien upon the estate, and lost thereby the whole principal value of the property.

This is but one instance of the unfortunate consequences resulting from neglect. There are doubtless a large number of individuals who are not aware of the great risk they incur by not having their deeds recorded. It would be a safe rule to adopt never to keep a deed to property in the house over night without having a certificate of record upon it.

GREAT OUTRAGE.—The various articles deposited in the corner stone of the Spring Garden Institute, which was laid a short time ago, at the corner of Broad and Spring Garden Streets have been stolen therefrom by some graceless scamp. The deposites had been temporarily covered with a rough stone until such time as the work of building should be progressed in. This stone was removed for the purpose of the theft and then replaced.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 319—adults 94, and children 125.

GERMANTOWN WATER WORKS.—A company has been formed for the purpose of supplying the Borough of Germantown and the surrounding country with filtered water of a very superior quality, and at advantageous rates, which have been fixed and regulated by a series of rules. The works consist of an engine house which contains two sets of engines and pumps, each one to be worked so as to supply their own tank as required, and so both together, and either or both can be worked from the water of the river. The engine will be worked at the rate of from 60 to 65 strokes to the minute, and force up 10,000 gallons per hour. Everything about the engine house and machinery is plain, but substantial and of the best material.

From the engine house the supply main, being 10 inch pipe, extends 130 feet to the foundation of a stand-pipe of about 1,200 feet to the base of the standing pipe. The latter is 135 feet high, making the whole height to which the water must be elevated 265 feet. The level of the water in the standing pipe will be about 25 feet above the top of Mount Airy. The standing pipe is constructed of boiler iron, the lower section 40 feet high, 1 thick; 2d section, same length 5-16, and from that up to 4-16. It is 5 feet in diameter, and weighs little short of 30 tons. It is made to fit and rest on a bed-plate secured as solidly as iron, rock, and mason-work could do it, to which the iron plate constituting the bottom of the tank or standing pipe is fastened by means of 10 bolts and screws.—To the height of 60 feet the pipe will be enclosed in stone-work 4 feet thick at the bottom, and battering to two feet at the top.

As a protection against the effects of the expansion of the water inside of the tank at the time of freezing, an elastic cylinder, 14 inches in diameter, nearly the same length as the tank, 120 feet, closed at each end, and filled with air, has been so fixed as to float in the water, and remain about 8 [illegible] of the tank. It is believed to be calculated to produce the desired effect.

First—By changing the shape in which the ice will form at the surface of the water. The ice formed in any vessel while the water is at rest will naturally assume a concave shape on the surface, presenting the greatest possible resistance to a pressure from within; this is caused by the fact that the attraction of the sides of the vessel whether capillary or otherwise, raises the water immediately in contact with them above its level at the centre. A solid body inserted in the centre of the vessel, will have the same effect, and cause the ice to form around it to the same height as that at the sides of the vessel rendering the lower surface of a shape which will much more readily give way to pressure from within.

Sndly.—It is expected the floating pipe would rise in the water, being pushed out by the sudden pressure caused by the expansion at the moment of freezing, thereby relieving the pressure.

3rdly.—The elasticity of the air inside the pipe, it is supposed, would, of itself, be sufficient to obviate any bad effects from the expansion caused by freezing. Not only will the pressure be relieved at the point where the expansion takes place by the consequent contraction of the tube at that place, and of the air in it, but, from the same cause, the pressure will be equalized and spread all over the sides of the tank. When all the water in the tank is liquid in consequence of the great pressure of the weight of water on the lower part of the tube, it will collapse, while towards the top it will retain its full circular shape; but when the freezing at the top reverses the relative degree of pressure of the upper and lower parts, it may be expected to assume the reverse of its former shape, thereby equalizing the pressure, as above stated.

Lastly, in addition to the effect produced by the elasticity of the air and the change of its locality from pressure, as above described, the effect of its temperature is somewhat relied upon for checking, if not preventing freezing immediately around the pipe. The air in the upper part of the pipe can never, it is believed, attain a much lower temperature than that in the lower part, and as the water for the greater part of the distance up from the bottom will never be of a lower temperature than forty degrees, it is not probable that the air in any part of the tube can be reduced to the freezing point.

Of the conduit pipes and other apparatus for distributing the water beyond the tank, the Company say they are prepared to keep pace with the public demand in carrying out the general plan for the distribution of the water all over the borough, and also the township, to any required extent. The pipe now laid in the turnpike below Tulpohocken Street, is not intended as a main, but merely sufficient for that street, and will be connected and fed by frequent cross-pipes, communicating with mains of larger dimensions, which the general plan contemplates are to be laid on streets running North and South, each side of the turnpike.

A distributing reservoir, whenever the consumption may render it necessary, will be constructed on an elevation not lower than Mount Airy; it cannot, however, be necessary for several years.

The collecting reservoirs are being constructed below Washington Lane, near the Roxborough township line, in the ravine through which runs Paper Mill or Crabb Creek, which might more properly be known by its Indian name, Tulpohocken Creek.

The principal collecting reservoir will be over 1,200 feet in length, average about 200 or 250 in width, with a depth of 21 feet at the lower end, and two or three feet at the upper, and will contain not far from 20 millions of gallons of water.

The quantity of spring water which from these drains would flow into the well daily, together with the springs rising directly in it, forms an aggregate of about 100,000 gallons, 60,000 or 70,000 of which may be said not to have existed there before, having flowed under the level of the ravine to rise in still lower ground beyond it, or been lost in evaporation.

Should it ever be desired still further to increase the quantity of water, it may be done to an indefinite extent, by laying a pipe communicating with some point on the Wissahickon, or the Schuylkill, above Manayunk, at a point where the level of the water in the river would be higher than that in the reservoir through which the water would consequently flow into the latter.

GAS IN FRANKFORD.—The project of lighting the Borough of Frankford with gas has been agitated by a number of individuals.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER. No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s '56	105	—	Mechanics	28½	29
" '62	109	—	Southwark	70	—
" '67	114¼	115	Kensington	60	—
" '68	114¼	—	P Township	29	—
" 5s '53	101	—	Girard	13¼	13½
July div. off			Western	63	—
" 5s '51	98	—	Man & Mecha	27	—
Jan Int off			Bk of Com	48	—
U S Tr N 6s	—	—	Camden N J	35	60
" 1 mill	—	—	Germantown	53	54
Philada 6s	103½	104	Tren Bk Co	35	36
" 5s	93	93	Pitts'g Bk	50	—
" Gas	—	—	M & M Pitts	53	58
County 5s	95½	96	Echange, Pitts	51	—
Penna 6s	100½	101	Com, Cin	19	—
" 5s	89½	90	Louis, Ky	123	—
Kentucky 6s	106	—	Kentucky Bk	108	108½
Tennessee 5s	90½	91	Northern	108	—
Illinois 6s	62	64	Union, Tenn	70	71
Cincinnati 6s	97	97½	Planters, Tenn	—	79
TexasT Notes	—	—	Vicksburg	10	12½
" bds 5s	—	—	Com, Natchez	—	—
Schuyl N 6s	85	87	N O Gas Bk	110	112
" 1st	—	—	Schuyl Nav	11	12
Lehigh N 6s	98	99	Lehigh Nav	59	60
" 1st loan	83	83½	C & Del Cl	160	168
" Mort 6s	95	96	Morris Cl	14	14½
C & D Cl 6s	95	97	PennaRObio Cl	28½	30
C & Am R bds	97	98	Union Cl	10½	11
Sea Mdw R 6s	75	—	Cam & Am R	136	137
Susqueh Cl 6s	—	60	Penna R	41	41½
Norris'n R 6s	90	—	Sea Mdw R	15	16
Harris R 6s	92½	93	Lykens Val R	10	—
Wil R 6s	84½	90	North Am Cl	12	15
Read R 6s	69	69½	Susqueh Cl	12½	14
" Mort 6s	72½	75	Norristown R	39	40
U S Bk Notes	90	—	Harrisburg R	42	43½
U S Bk Shares	1¼	1½	Wilmington R	27	29
N Amer Bk	138	139	Reading R	25½	25½
Penna Bk	110½	111	Minehill R	64	65
Philadelphia	137	138	N Liberty Gas	29	25
Far & Mec	68	68½	Flem Copper	1	—
Commercial	57	57½	N J Copper	1	—
N Liberty	45	50	N W Min Co	26	26½

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 18.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,100 head. Beeves are selling from $5.50 to 6.75 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 680 head in market, and sold from $6 to 6.25 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 100 in market, and sold at prices ranging from $16 to 38. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4; the latter from $1 to 3, according to quality.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY E. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, No. 26 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, August 23, 1851.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U S bank notes	13 dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1 dis
Washington	½ dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna co'nty	failed
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	par
Wyoming	par
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Danville	par
Relief notes	4½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	closed
State bk at Morris	failed
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Or'nge, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, Prth Amboy	½ dis
Farmers and Meck. bk, N. Brun.	½ dis
N Hope, Del Bridge	failed
Yard. Del Br'ge co	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
Del City bk under5's	½ dis
Other small	½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	par
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	uncertain
Cecil bank	½ dis
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	failed
Far & Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	par a ¼ dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St Albans	1 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Pawtucket bk	failed
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Phenix bk, Westerly stolen notes	no sale
CANADA.	
Montreal	2½ dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Valley branches	½ dis
Far bk & branches	½ dis
Valley bk & branch	½ dis
Ex'ch'e bk & branches	½ dis
Wheeling	1 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So West R R	1 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
Bk of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central bk of Mill	1½ dis
Georgia R R Co	1½ dis
Ruckersville bkg co	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile	1½ dis
Country banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co	—
OHIO.	
Bk of Wooster	50 dis
Bk Norwalk	75 dis
Com bk of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent bks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	50 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent bks	1 dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent bks	3½ dis
Bk East Tenn.	19 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bk of St Clair	no sale
Far's & Mech's	3 dis
Gov. Stock bk	uncertain
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA	
Miners bank	—

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

MR. G. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *J. T. Dent, W. Ramsey, Dr. J. Wadsworth, R. K. Greene, Alex. R. Laws, James Rutherford, Dr. Lot Edwards, Thomas Frankland, and C. M. L. Wiseman.* Each of the above persons have a certificate of the Mayor of Cincinnati, with seal of the city, describing their persons, so there will be no risk in paying them, and we hope all on whom they may call, will make it convenient to settle with them.

MR. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama, and Tennessee, assisted by *D. R. Goodwin, James O. Lewis and Samuel D. Lewis.*

MR. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by *William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, John T. Jodkins, P. Locke, Jas. Deaton, Geo. P. Deaton, and Thos. D. Nice.*

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

E. B. SIMONTON will receive new subscriptions in Maine.

A. PEASE collects for us in the New England States.

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ALMANAC.

Aug. 1851.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
23 Saturday	5 21	6 39	11 1	
24 Sunday	5 22	6 38	12 3	
25 Monday	5 23	6 37	12 54	
26 Tuesday	5 24	6 36	1 46	D. H. M.
27 Wed'sday	5 25	6 35	2 38	First 4 10 0
28 Thursday	5 27	6 33	3 33	Full 11 4 36
29 Friday	5 28	6 32	4 26	Last 19 7 54
30 Saturday	5 30	6 31	5 19	New 26 5 17

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Aug. 10,	73	80	82
11,	72	79	80
12,	71	75	76
13,	75	85	86
14,	79	83	86
15,	83	78	84
16,	68	78	81

Marriages.

On the 5th of June last, at Germantown, by the Rev. Wm. F. Kyster, Mr. GEORGE W. PIERSON, of Boston, Mass. to Mrs. E. A. MEADE, of Mechanicsburg, Pa.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM HILLINGS, to Miss ELLEN V. OSICK, of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the same, Mr. CHARLES W. WOLFKEIL, to Miss MARY J. LINDSEY, both of this city.

On the 12th inst. by the same, Mr. GUY B. DOBAS, to Miss CAROLINE A. BAUGH, both of this city.

On the 12th inst. at St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. Jas. P. Powers, Mr. JOHN HARTE of Maryland, to Miss TERESA, daughter of the late John Costello, of this city.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. JOHN CARSON, to Miss SARAH E. WARNER, all of this city.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. T. J. Thompson, Mr. JOSIAH THOMPSON, of Salem, N. J. to Miss ELIZABETH C. EDWIN, of Philadelphia.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. N. Sayre Harris, Rector of the Nativity, Spring Garden, Mr. JOHN C DAVIS, of this city, to Miss MARY M. HUGHES, daughter of the late Wm. Hughes, of West Philadelphia.

By the Rev. John Street, Mr. S. H. HEMPLE, to Miss M. GREEN, all of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. Parker, D. D. WILLIAM KING, of Baltimore, to MARY GRACE, daughter of Chas Oakford, of New Orleans.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, Rector of Grace Church, Mr. JOSEPH E. GALLEY, to Miss MARY, daughter of Francis Wood, all of this city.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Pope, Mr. ISAIAH NATHANS of Philadelphia, to Miss GEORGIE A. RUSSELL, of Savannah, Ga.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. R. J. Black, Mr. Jas. MCBRIDE, to Miss MARTHA ALEXANDER, both of Kensington.

On the 9th inst. by the same, Mr. SAMUEL LAVERTY, of Kensington, to Miss MARY RUSSEL, of Wilmington, Del.

At Cincinnati, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Wm. Nicholson, Pastor of St. John's Church, Mr. JAMES OWEN, formerly of Philadelphia, to ALVILIA, daughter of W. B. Dodson, Esq. of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Deaths.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. LYDIA MANEY, aged 83.

On the 13th inst. CAROLINE ASHTON, daughter of Wm. T. and Mary A. Howell, aged 17 years.

On the 11th inst. JOHN DOYLE, aged 24 years.

On the 13th inst. EMMA MITCHELL, wife of Isaac W. Olwine, aged 31 years.

On the 13th inst. at Upper Darby, Del. county, Mrs. MARGARET McDONOUGH, aged 90 years.

On the 13th inst. HELEN, daughter of Chas. S. and Mary A. Pancoast, aged 10 months.

On the 14th inst. INA, daughter of Edward T. and Annie B. Shaw.

At Cooper's Point, N. J. on the 12th inst. REBECCA, widow of Wm. Cooper, aged 82 years.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. RACHEL G. HESS, aged 62.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH FOWLER, aged 70 years.

On the 13th inst. Mr. JOHN WISLEY, aged 76.

On the 13th inst. PHILIP WINEBRENNER, aged 64.

On the 13th inst. Mr. THOMAS KELLEY, aged 75.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. SARAH SHIELDS, aged 73.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. DEBORAH A. HUMPHRIES, aged 35 years.

At Germantown, on the 13th instant, EUGENIA L. HASKELL.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH DUFF.

Mrs. HANNAH JOYCE, aged 40 years.

On the 13th inst. SUSAN CARLIN, aged 49 years.

On the 13th inst. JOSEPH H. FARRAN, aged 1 year.

On the 13th inst. DAVID REILLY, aged 29 years.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. PHOEBE LORD, aged 46.

On the 12th inst. ANNA MARIA, daughter of Peter and Mary A. Foster, aged 9 years.

Mrs. CATHERINE, wife of Peter Reilly.

At Germantown, on the 12th inst. SIDNEY JONES, aged 77 years.

At Frankford, on the 10th inst. SAMUEL PILLING, aged 62 years.

On the 10th inst. Mr. HENRY SIMONS, aged 57.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. HANNAH JONES, aged 79.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. JANE JOHNSON, aged 65.

On the 10th inst. MARY A. WISTAR, aged 60.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. ANN C. ABLE, aged 87.

On the 11th inst. ROBERT BROWN, son of John and Martha R. Schuyler, aged 1 year.

At Manayunk, on the 12th inst. PATRICK BEANEY, aged 47 years.

DEATHS IN CALIFORNIA.

At Fremont, on Sunday, June 22d, Mr. John Chase, formerly of Madison county, N. York, aged 27 years.

On the 19th of June, at his residence in Auburn, Placer county, Martin B. Shepherd, in the 35th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. Cecelia, only child of John and Mary Anthes, aged 3 months and 25 days.

Off Cape Horn, April 22, by falling from the main top gallant yard, John B. Sayers, of Alexandria, D. C.

On Wednesday, 3d inst. Ellen, the wife of Daniel Robinson, boot maker, a native of the city of Cork.

May 10, on board the bark Sacramento, from Hobart town, in lat. 12 50 S., long. 149 36 W., Mrs. Irvine, wife of Capt. Irvine, a passenger on board.

On the 12th inst. John P. Shannon, of Dansville, Livingston county, N. York, aged 27 years.

In Yuba City, on the morning of July 5th, Mrs. Sidney Linden, in the 31st year of her age.

At Downieville, on the 29th June, Mr. Thomas Sewell, a native of Liverpool, England, universally respected and esteemed.

DEATHS IN SAN FRANCISCO—(Reported for the "Alta," by Nathaniel Gray, City Sexton, Sacramento Street, near Depot.)

June 22d, Norman Maughan, Scotland, aged 22; 20, H. O. Williams, Boston, 23; Wm. Golliath, Sydney, 22; Charles Hillman, Boston, 35; July, Andrew Petree, Scotland 50; Robert Johnson, Germany, 30; Leone, Mexico; Bernardo Alcador, Chile, 38; Hertar Vezard, Rome, 41; Sarah Farrall, Ireland, 25; Henry Hale, London, 20; Joseph Hall, Boston, 33; Howland, New Orleans, 27; Margaret McClair, Ireland, 27; Charles Wilson, Boston, 24; Pope Al guinao, Chili, 40; John Blackwell, London, 45; Alson Taylor, Maine, 30; James Stuart, Sydney, 35; On Sunday, 13th inst. Mr. Wm. H. Eagle, aged 49 years, formerly of New Orleans.

THE WORLD'S FAIR IN LONDON is drawing to a close, and it is generally believed by our American artists that Mahan's Plate of Fashions, which is there on exhibition, will draw the first premium as a superior finished lithographic production. Mahan is always in the ascendancy; and about the first of the coming month, his fall Report will be issued, which, he confidently believes, surpasses any thing of the kind ever before published. His System will contain a variety of new drafts, many of which are entirely different to any thing of the kind ever heretofore laid before the public. His Plate will contain twenty-two figures. As a work of art it challenges competition.—Two of the figures represent beautiful portraits of HON. DANIEL WEBSTER and the famous GENERAL FOOTE, of Miss; a female figure dressed in the Bloomer costume also decorates the Plate. This work will hereafter be published quarterly, without extra charge.

Terms—System $5 per year. To those paying in advance, we send an uncolored Plate of Fashion. System and Colored Plates are $8 per year, or $7 if paid in advance. Persons subscribing to the Colored Plates only are charged $3 per year, or $2 per single Plate with pattern sheet and pamphlet of explanations accompanying the Plate. F. MAHAN,
1t* 211 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
MOORE, HENSZEY & Co.,
No. 139 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
ARE now opening an extensive assortment of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, &c., which they will dispose of at a very low figure, and guarantee freights and insurance at as low a rate as from any of the Eastern cities. Country merchants will consult their interest by giving us a call. je21-3m

CAMBLOS & BROTHER,
EXCHANGE BANKERS,
No. 22 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
UNCURRENT BANK NOTES and GOLD and SILVER COIN, will be bought and sold on the most reasonable terms.
BILLS, NOTES and DRAFTS, throughout the United States, will be promptly collected; and EXCHANGE on all the Principal Cities, furnished at the lowest payable rates. jan 4-1y

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
For a single square, (eighteen lines,)
first insertion, $0.50
For each subsequent insertion, $1.50 [illegible]
For one square 6 months, $20.00
For one square, a year, $40.00
☞ Payment is required in advance.

DR. D. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.
THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most safe and efficient alterative and deobstruent properties for the cure of SCROFULA, KING'S EVIL, WHITE SWELLINGS, ULCERS, SCROFULOUS, CANCEROUS AND INDOLENT TUMORS, MERCURIAL AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS, GOITRE or BRONCHOCELE, (swelled neck,) Enlargement and ULCERATIONS of the Bones, Joints, Glands, or Ligaments, or of the Ovaries, Uterus, Liver, Spleen, Kidneys, &c. All the various Diseases of the Skin, such as TETTER or SALT RHEUM, RINGWORM, BOILS, PIMPLES, CARBUNCLES, SORE EYES, &c., DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, DROPSY AND DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, CONSTITUTIONAL DISORDERS, and Diseases originating from a depraved or IMPERFECT STATE OF THE BLOOD, or other fluids of the body. All diseases of a mixed or complicated character. Also, many affections PECULIAR TO FEMALES, as Suppression, Irregularity, Leucorrhoea or Whites, Sterility, Ovarian and Uterine Dropsy, &c., &c.

BRONCHOCELE or GOITRE (Swelled Neck.)
In hundreds of cases of GOITRE, in which this ALTERATIVE has been faithfully and perseveringly used, it has never failed, in a single instance, to completely remove the disease. NOT A SOLITARY CASE OF FAILURE. All were cured who continued its use according to the directions. The success it has met with in curing Bronchocele and Scrofulous Affections is a convincing proof that those dangerous and horrible diseases may be removed with as much certainty as Fever and Ague. And that there is good reason for believing that this preparation will not only cure those diseases when formed, but that it DESTROYS THE VIRUS OR POISONOUS PRINCIPLE lurking in the system, from which that peculiar class of diseases emanates.

CANCER AND CANCEROUS AND SCIRRHUS-TUMORS.
For these affections this ALTERATIVE is the only medicine that has ever been known, on which the smallest reliance could be placed. It has been tried in a great many cases of this class of diseases, and although it has not in every instance been entirely successful, yet the average proportion of its cures have been at least two out of every three.

CHOREA—ST. VITUS' OR ST. ANTHONY'S DANCE.
A large number of well authenticated and hopeless cases of this disease have been cured by the use of this valuable Alterative.

COMPLICATED AND MIXED DISEASES.
Cases frequently occur in which the patient appears to be laboring under several diseases at once and the same time, causing much anxiety and embarrassment in the treatment. This Alterative has frequently been used in such cases with very beneficial results.

DISEASES OF THE HEART.
This ALTERATIVE used in conjunction with the SANATIVE PILLS, has proved of immense value to many affections of the HEART, as Enlargement, (not Aneurism) Dropsy of the Pericardium, or sack, which surrounds the heart, Ossification of the Auricles or Ventricles of the Heart or of the Valves of the Aorta, or large Arteries, Metastasis, or translation of Neuralgia, Gout, or Rheumatism to the heart, &c. It causes the bony substance or water deposited in and about the heart to be absorbed and carried away, reducing the heart to its natural and healthy condition.

DROPSICAL SWELLINGS.
This medicine is considered by many physicians who have used it as a SPECIFIC in DROPSY. It increases the power of Digestion, excites the absorbents into healthy exercise by which the WATERY OR CALCAREOUS DEPOSITIONS and all unnatural enlargements are reduced. It imparts tone and vitality to the whole system, removing sick and morbid headaches, giddiness, wandering pains, and nervous affections.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.
It has been used in conjunction with the SANATIVE PILLS, in numerous cases of LIVER COMPLAINT and DYSPEPSIA, and with the happiest effect.

ENLARGEMENTS OF THE BONES, JOINTS, RHEUMATISM, &c.
Frequently, after attacks of Gout, Neuralgia, Rickets, &c., the Bones, Ligaments, and Joints become more or less enlarged. In these affections, the ALTERATIVE has repeatedly been successful after all other means had failed. ☞ See Catalogue of Diseases in Medical Almanac.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE ABDOMEN.
A lady from Pittsburg was put under my care and treatment for an Enlargement of the Abdomen, which had been constantly increasing for upwards of two years. The enlargement was so great that when she was in a sitting position, the abdomen came beyond and upon her knees. In this case the bowels were regulated by the SANATIVE PILLS—the ALTERATIVE constantly given all the time, three times a day, and towards the last she drank daily from a half to three half-pints of an infusion of Uvi Ursi leaves. This treatment restored her to perfect health in about five months.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE OVARIES.
A lady of Chester county, Pa., who had long been severely afflicted with an immense Enlargement of the Ovaries, which appeared to fill the entire cavity of the Abdomen, was entirely cured by using the ALTERATIVE, according to the directions, for between five and six months.

EPILEPTIC FITS.
By a persevering use of this ALTERATIVE, a large majority of cases of this dreadful disease have been cured.

FUNGUS HÆMATODES.
Several cases of this horrible disease have been cured by the use of this ALTERATIVE. ☞ See the case of John Lukens in the Medical Almanac.

GOUT.—A number of cases of GOUT have been cured by this preparation.

ULCERS of all kind, whether they be SCROFULOUS, CANCEROUS, SCORBUTIC, or accidental, or whether of the *flesh, skin, mucous membranes* or *bone*, yield to the penetrating and healing influences of this ALTERATIVE.

MANIA FROM MELANCHOLY
May arise from many causes, but none more frequently than from diseases of the Uterus, the Liver, or of the Digestive Organs. The ALTERATIVE is an invaluable remedy in such cases.

ERYSIPELAS, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, OR ROSE.
Innumerable certificates have been received of its curing the most inveterate and malignant cases of both Acute and Chronic Erysipelas.

MERCURIAL AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS
Are removed by this preparation, after all other remedies have failed in giving the smallest relief.

MILK, OR WHITE LEG.
This disease is described by writers under the name of "*Phlegmasia Dolens.*" It is an exceedingly painful inflammation and swelling of one or more of the lower extremities, attended with more or less fever, to attacks of which ladies are liable immediately after their confinement, and, if not subdued at the onset, is apt to render them cripples for life.

This ALTERATIVE has never failed in a single instance to subdue this painful affection.

MUCOUS MEMBRANE, INFLAMMATION OF.
Chronic inflammation of the Mucous Membrane is of frequent occurrence, and is generally very tedious in its cure. It attacks the lining of the nose, ears, throat, windpipe, and other mucous surfaces, and is generally attended with a discharge, more or less offensive.

For this disease the ALTERATIVE is the only remedy on which any reliance can be placed.

NEURALGIA OR TIC DOLOREUX.
It has been used in many cases of Neuralgia or Tic Doloreux, and always with success.

RHEUMATISM.
This preparation has been prescribed in a great many cases of Chronic Rheumatism, and in every case where it was used until the system became affected by the medicine, the disease was removed. Indeed, it seldom fails of completely subduing this disease.

SCALD HEAD. (TINEA CAPITAS.)
When used in conjunction with the external application of the HAIR TONIC, this ALTERATIVE is a never failing remedy for SCALD HEAD. ☞ See MEDICAL ALMANAC for proofs.

SCROFULA, KING'S EVIL, &c.
Scrofula in all its multiplied forms, whether in that of King's Evil, Enlargement of the Glands, or Bones, Goitre, WHITE SWELLINGS, Chronic Rheumatism, Cancer, Diseases of the Skin, or Spine, or of Pulmonary Consumption, emanates from one and the same cause, which is a *poisonous principle*, or *virus*, inherent in the human system. Therefore, unless this principle be destroyed, no radical cure can be effected; but is the principle upon which the disease depends is removed, a cure must of necessity follow, no matter under what form the disease should manifest itself. This ALTERATIVE is almost always successful in removing these diseases, besides which, it destroys the *virus*, or poisonous principle from which those diseases have their origin, by entering into the circulation, and with the blood is conveyed to the minutest fibre; removing every particle of disease from the system.

SKIN DISEASES.
It has been prescribed in a great variety of Cutaneous Affections, and found successful in curing Salt Rheum, Tetter, Boils, Blotches, Pimples, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Morphey and Jaundiced Skin, &c. Also in Diseases and Discharges from the Lining Membrane of the Throat, Nose, and Ears, and from the Kidneys and Urinary Passages, Leucorrhoea, &c.

ULCERATION OF THE BONES.
This ALTERATIVE has far surpassed the expectations of the most ardent and sanguine, in its healing influence over ulcers of all kinds, particularly in ulcerations and exfoliation of the bones, &c. Of an immense number who have been cured, one only will be mentioned. It is the case of a young lady in New Jersey, who suffered many years with Scrofula of the Hip Joint, until at length it ulcerated through the bones into the bowels, so that their contents were frequently discharged through the apertures formed by the disease, and after she had thus lain in a most deplorable and helpless condition for nearly two years, her father procured the ALTERATIVE, and gave her between 5 and 6 dozen of it, which restored her to health.

See also cases of Mrs. Latta and Mrs. Rose.

WEAKNESS OF THE EYES.
In cases of weakness of the eyes from want of power in the Optic Nerves, this ALTERATIVE has been found of immense value, as indeed it is in all cases of Nervous Debility. A lady of this city, by the name of Swayne, says that she had long suffered of weakness of the eyes, so much so as to compel her to confine herself for a whole year to a dark room, and afterwards her eyes remained so weak that she was obliged to shade them by wearing green or blue spectacles. She had been in this condition for a long time, when she was induced to use the ALTERATIVE and SANATIVE PILLS for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, which not only cured her, but also strengthened her eyes, so that she was afterwards able to sew black satin, or broadcloth, by candle-light, without the aid of glasses.

FEMALE DISEASES.
In many affections peculiar to females, especially when arriving at maturity or in the "decline or change of life," this ALTERATIVE is unsurpassed by any other remedy, as in Chlorosis, or retention, irregularity, painfulness, or suppression of customary evacuations; Ulcerated Scirrhous state of the Uterus, Leuchorrhoea, or Whites, Sterility, whether in consequence of local or general disease, or of local and general debility. In short, in all cases, whether in male or female, where the mental and physical powers of the constitution have been prostrated by disease, self-abuse, dissipation, or other excesses.

In fact, in every case where the medicine has been taken for some time, no matter for what purpose, the general health of the patient has always been improved by it.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 84 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, where may be had JAYNE'S MEDICAL ALMANAC AND GUIDE TO HEALTH, together with all his other "Family Medicines." aug9-3m

CITY CABINET WAREHOUSE,
173 CHESNUT STREET,
OPPOSITE INDEPENDENCE HALL.

CABINET WARE,
CURTAINS AND UPHOLSTERY,
ROSEWOOD DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE,
NEW STYLE
FAVORITE DESIGNS NOW IN VOGUE IN
PARIS,
FOR SALE IN SETTS, AS IMPORTED, OR MADE TO ORDER FROM THE SAMPLES WHICH ARE REGULARLY RECEIVED.
PLAIN FURNITURE,
WALNUT, MAHOGANY, OAK, AND OTHER WOODS.
The largest Stock of well made Furniture in the Country. All constructed of Seasoned materials and made by the best workmen.
CURTAINS,
BROCATELLE, SATIN, SATIN LAINE and OTHER MATERIALS FOR SALE, AND CURTAINS HUNG IN STYLE EQUAL TO ANY OTHER ESTABLISHMENT.
BOUDOIR PIANOS,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
GEORGE J. HENKELS,
NO. 173 CHESNUT STREET. aug23-tf

TO DEALERS IN DRY GOODS.
The subscribers are largely engaged in the Importing and Jobbing of
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS,
PANTALOON STUFFS OF ALL KINDS,
Overcoat Stuffs, Cloakings, Serges, Linings, Velvets, and every variety of
GOODS FOR MEN'S, YOUTH'S, AND CHILDREN'S WEAR.
TOGETHER WITH EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
TAILORS' AND CLOTHIERS' TRIMMINGS.
Our facilities at home, and extended correspondence in Europe, putting us in possession of the Novelties as they are produced by the Manufacturers; all which is offered at
THE LOWEST PRICES.
LOVE, SMITH & [illegible],
No. 147 Market Street, Phila.
june28-3m

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,
CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.
This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of
GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.
$300,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.
COATS, - - - - - - - $6 00 TO $18
VESTS, - - - - - - - 1 00 " 6
PANTALOONS, - - - - - - 1 50 " 8
WE STUDY TO PLEASE. [illegible]

PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE OF MEDICINE.
Fifth Street, a few doors South of Walnut.
THE Tenth Course of Lectures will be commenced on Monday, 13th of October, 1851, at 5 o'clock, P. M. The General Introductory will be given by Prof F. A. Fickardt M. D. Degrees will be conferred about the 1st of March, 1852.
HON. JESSE R. BURDEN M. D., President.
FACULTY.
JAMES McCLINTOCK, M. D., Principles and Practice of Surgery.
RUSH VAN DYKE, M. D., Materia Medica and General Therapeutics.
THOMAS D. MITCHELL, M. D., Theory and Practice of Medicine.
JAMES BRYAN, M. D., Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence.
EZRA S. CARR, M. D., Medical Chemistry.
JAMES McCLINTOCK, M. D., General, Special, and Surgical Anatomy.
FREDERICK A. FICKARDT, M. D., Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
GEORGE HEWSTON, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.
Fee for a full Course, $64. Matriculation fee, only once paid, $5; Graduation, $30. Fee for those who have attended two full Courses in other Colleges, $45. Dissecting ticket, $10; Perpetual ticket, $150.
The fee for the respective tickets may be paid to each member of the Faculty, or the whole amount may be paid to the Dean, who will issue a certificate which will entitle the student to the ticket of each Professor.
The Spring Course for 1852 will be commenced on March 8, 1852. Degrees will be conferred about the 10th of July, 1852. The fees and arrangements are the same as for the Winter Session.
For further information inquire of
JAMES McCLINTOCK, M. D., Dean.
Philadelphia, August 8, 1851. aug23-4t

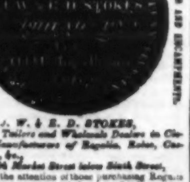
BOOKS OF PERMANENT VALUE.
☞ To Clergymen, Postmasters, Teachers of Sabbath Schools, Book Agents, Students and Heads of Families.
SEARS' AMERICAN PICTORIAL BOOK ESTABLISHMENT,
REMOVED to 181 WILLIAM STREET, (near Spruce,) NEW YORK.
BOOK AGENTS WANTED.
The subscriber publishes a large number of most valuable Books, very popular, and of such a moral and religious influence that while good men may safely engage in their circulation they will confer a public benefit, and receive a *fair compensation* for their labor.
☞ To young men of enterprise and tact, this business offers an opportunity for profitable employment seldom to be met with. There is not a town in the Union where a right honest and well disposed person can fail selling from 50 to 200 volumes, according to the population.
They are too numerous to be described in this advertisement. Persons wishing to engage in the sale of them, will receive promptly by mail a circular containing full descriptions, with the terms on which they will be furnished, by addressing the Publisher, *post-paid.* ROBERT SEARS,
jy12-8t 181 William street, New York.
☞ Persons residing out of New York, when visiting the city, are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock of BOOKS, and see the LOW PRICES at which they are sold. R. S.

TRUNKS! TRUNKS! TRUNKS!—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he is now prepared to furnish every variety of Trunk, Valise and Carpet Bags, as low as can be purchased of any other manufacturer in the city. The attention of merchants and others is solicited to the beautiful assortment now on hand, of his own manufacture, which cannot be surpassed for neatness, durability and workmanship by any other establishment, and which received the premium at the last exhibition of the *Franklin Institute.*
All work done at this establishment warranted to give entire satisfaction. A share of patronage is solicited. SAMUEL W. KENNEDY,
je14-3m 66 N. Third st., above Arch, west side.

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
On hand a large assortment and constantly receiving a fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware at No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry, Philadelphia, at the following low prices:
Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat case, $28.00 and over.
Gold Lepine Watches, jewelled, 18 carat case, $24.00 and over.
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled, $12.00 and over.
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled, $9.00 and over.
Silver Quartier Watches, from $4.50 to 9.00 and over.
Diamond Pointed Gold Pens with silver case, $1.50 and over.
Silver Tea Spoons, equal to coin, per set, $5.00 and over.
" Desert Spoons, do. do. $10.00 and over
" Table Spoons, do. do. $15.00 and over
Watch Glasses, best quality, plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25 cents. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. On hand a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, fine Gold Jewelry and Silver Ware.
mar7-1y STAUFFER & HARLEY,
Successors to O. Conrad,
No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry.

CHEAP WATCHES, JEWELRY, &C.
The subscriber would beg leave to call the attention of the public to a large and fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry &c., just received at the old stand, No. 15 North Sixth Street, which he will sell at prices to compete with any establishment in the United States.
WATCHES.
Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat cases, $26 and upwards.
Gold Lepine Watches, jeweled, do. do. $24 and upwards.
Silver Lever Watches, $12 and upwards.
Silver Lepine Watches, $9 and upwards.
And others at lower prices than the above.
JEWELRY.
Gold Chains of every pattern and price, Medallions, double and single Glasses suitable for miniatures and Daguerreotypes.
Necklaces, Bracelets, Breast Pins, Ear and Finger Rings of every description and price.
Premium Diamond Pointed Gold Pens, with Gold and Silver cases, Gold and Silver Pencils, &c.
Also, Silver Tea, Desert and Table Spoons, Butter Knives, &c., equal to coin, and German Silver Tea, Desert and Table Spoons, &c., &c., all at the lowest prices.
Orders from the country, accompanied with the money, promptly attended to.
ap26-6m GEORGE RUSSEL,
No. 15 N. Sixth, opposite Commerce St., Phila.

I. O. O. F.



MASONIC AND ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA
LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.
J. W. & E. D. STOKES,
Merchant Tailors and Wholesale Dealers in Clothing. Manufacturers of Regalia, Robes, Costumes, &c., &c.,
No. 194 Market Street below Sixth Street,
would call the attention of those purchasing Regalia to their assortment, which is large, well selected and cheap; comprising a great variety of styles and qualities adapted to every degree and position in the Order. [illegible]

HOE'S CAST STEEL CIRCULAR AND LONG SAWS.
THE SUBSCRIBERS manufacture from the best cast steel, CIRCULAR SAWS, from two to five feet diameter. These Saws are carefully hardened and tempered, and are ground and finished by machinery designed expressly for the purpose, and are therefore much superior in truth and uniformity of surface to those ground in the usual manner. They require less set, less power to drive them, and are not so liable to become heated, and produce a saving in timber.
They also manufacture Cast Steel MILL, PIT and CROSS CUT SAWS and BILLET WEBS, of superior quality, all of which they have for sale at their ware rooms, Nos. 29 and 31 Gold street, or they may be obtained of the principal hardware merchants in the United States.
R. HOE & CO.,
Printing Press, Machine and Saw Makers,
29 and 31 Gold street, N. York.
The following extract is from a report made by a committee of scientific and practical gentlemen, appointed by the American Institute:
"Your committee are of unanimous opinion, that in the apparatus invented by Mr. R. M. Hoe, for grinding saws, he has displayed great ingenuity and tact in the adaptation of machinery to the production of results in the manufacture of Saws, which bear with propriety be denominated the *ne plus ultra* of the art."
Publishers of Newspapers who will insert this advertisement three times with this note, and forward us a paper containing the same, will be paid in printing materials, by purchasing four times the amount of their bill, for the advertisement.

NEW YORK WIRE RAILING WORKS.
WIRE RAILING, [INVENTED BY AUTHOR PATENTED.] Enclosures for Public Grounds and Cemeteries, Fences for Cottages, Gardens, Farms, &c. Window Guards and Gratings for Stores, Dwellings, Lunatic Asylums, Prisons, &c. Ornamental Wire Work for Cottages and VERANDAHS.
The above are made entirely of Wrought Iron and Wire, (at one half the cost of Cast Iron) being exclusively used in the City of New York, &c. Superceding all other kinds of Fence for the same purpose.
RAILROAD AND FARM FENCE.
Made with Wrought Iron or Wooden Posts, being so constructed as to be removed or permanent fence, at 50c. to $2.00 per rod.
WIRE FOR FENCES
always on hand.
Portable Iron Bedsteads, Iron Statuary, Greyhounds, DOGS, LIONS, &c.
Wrought and Cast Iron Railings made to order.
By addressing the Manufacturer and Proprietor, Circulars and drawings of the above will be forwarded. JOHN B. WICKERSHAM,
240 Broadway.
Works, 59 and 61 Lewis Street.
AGENTS—C. B. Conant & Co., 215 Pearl Street, New York.
New York, April 14, 1851. je7-3m

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
The subscriber would invite the special attention of the public to his extensive assortment of goods in the above line, which he is prepared to sell at lower rates than heretofore offered. The stock is varied and handsome. Consisting in part of
WATCHES,
Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, Hunting Cases, 18 carats, heavy and good from $50 to 120
" " 18 carat cases from 30 to 100
Silver " 10 to 30
Lepine 10 to 15
And others at lower rates than the above.
JEWELRY,
Gold Chains of every pattern and variety.
Medallions, double and single glasses, a very handsome article suitable for Daguerreotypes.
Necklaces, Bracelets, Pins and Rings, Garnets, Topaz, &c., Breast Pins of single and cluster stones, Rings of every variety and price. Ear-Rings do.
SILVER WARE.
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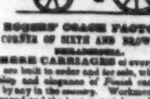

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N. B.—Omnibusses run from the Exchange past the factory every few minutes.
aug16-3 WM. D. ROGERS.

Selected Poetry.

"COME THIS WAY, FATHER."

[illegible]

I remember the words
Which once guided my way
When lost on the sea
Fog enshrouded I lay;
'Twas the voice of a child,
As he stood on the shore—
It sounded out clear
O'er the dark billows' roar—
"Come this way, my father!
Steer straight for me;
Here safe on the shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember the voice,
As it led our lone way
Midst rocks and through breakers
And high dashing spray;
How sweet to my heart
Did it sound from the shore,
As it echoed out clear
O'er the dark billows' roar,
"Come this way, my father!
Steer straight for me;
Here safe on the shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember my joy
When I held to my breast
The form of that dear one,
And soothed it to rest;
For the tones of my child
Come sad to my ear—
"I call you, dear father,
And know you would hear
The voice of your darling
Far o'er the dark sea,
While safe on the shore
I was waiting for thee."

That voice now is hushed
Which then guided my way;
The form I then pressed
Is now mingling with clay;
But the tones of my child
Still fall on my ear—
"I am calling you, father!
Oh, can you not hear
The voice of your darling
As you toss on life's sea?
For on a bright shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember that voice;
In many a long hour
It speaks to my heart
With fresh beauty and power,
And still echoes far out
Over life's troubled wave,
The sounds from loved lips
That lie in the grave—
"Come this way, my father!
Oh, steer straight for me!
Here safely in Heaven
I am waiting for thee."

Waterville Mail.

Things in Hungary.

MR. BRACE'S IMPRISONMENT.

[For the following interesting letter from Mr. Brace, describing his imprisonment in Hungary, and his release, we are indebted to the New York Tribune:]

HERMAN..., Saturday, July 19th, 1851.

I might apologize for keeping this affair of my imprisonment before the public; but as it is a matter affecting the rights of every American citizen, and as it developes, in a rather singular manner, the present Austrian system in Hungary, I shall not fear to say somewhat more regarding it.

In my last letter, I spoke of my last examination before the court-martial in the fortress, and of the expression which I there made of my Republican sentiments. What would be the effect of it on my fate, I could not then tell. Our life dragged on after it, day after day, in the same monotonous way. Whatever there might be stirring in the great world around us, we could know nothing of it. Rumors reached us of wars—of a great struggle beginning between France and the "Northern Powers." A new prisoner, too, told us of the Russians already occupying Siebenburgen. We were greatly excited by it, and rejoiced; but further than this, we heard nothing. All Europe might be bursting into a revolution, and we lie there utterly unconscious. We used to sometimes imagine to ourselves we heard the distant shouts of the citizens assaulting the fortress, and the Frenchmen shouting "*Vive la liberté!*" but no rescue ever came, and we plodded on the same dull life. However, it was singular there, as in every part of Europe where I have been, that the impression was most strong that, in the Spring of 1852, a mighty change in European affairs would begin, and the people everywhere, led by France, would claim their rights again.

As for myself, I found myself sinking down more and more into this monotonous life. I could see no near prospect of release, and accordingly occupied myself, as much as possible, with what was going on around me. In the morning we were allowed, for an hour or two, to walk around in the gangway, and talk with the other prisoners; then we were locked up again till the afternoon, when the great enjoyment of the day was granted us, an hour's walk in the open air, between two lines of soldiers with fixed bayonets. These were my principal diversions. I had been in my new quarters, of which I spoke in my last letter, but a few hours, when a new comrade was given to our party, in the person of a Magyar nobleman from the neighborhood—a tall, fine-looking man, with the immense mustachio of the genuine Magyar. He proved a very agreeable addition to our mess, and we had a great many pleasant conversations together. The charge against him, was, that he had spoken against the persons in authority, i. e. he was in a wine-house, and said that "all the office-holders were a set of —— rascals, and they deserved hanging!" For this, he would probably be there in prison for three months, and then be drafted into the Austrian army as a common soldier for a year! There are not a few of the best blood of Hungary now in the ranks as privates. The great consolation is, that they are probably corrupting the whole army!

The crimes for which the prisoners are sent here, are singular enough. The *Bauer*, with whom I have talked very often, are mostly imprisoned for being heard to say "*Eljen Kossuth!*" or for talking among themselves about the chances of his coming again with the Spring and freeing the nation, or similar offences! One is here for having a musket concealed in his house. No other nation would be so continually getting into the hands of their conquerors. But the Hungarians are used to such a different state of things. A free, bold, independent people, it comes infinitely hard to suit themselves to such a slavish, spying system as this Austrian is. They *cannot* hold their tongues! If any one at home will imagine a whole colony of our free, careless Kentuckians, or our most independent New England farmers, suddenly put right down under an Austrian police system, where a spy or a *gens d'arme* is at every man's elbow, where every word and every moment is watched, and a passport is needed for a man to go to the next farm, he will get a little idea of the difficulties of the Hungarians under their *new* Government.

One of the *Bauer* told me he had *twenty-five muskets* buried on his farm, and that there were thousands hid in the same way among the peasants. These Hungarian peasants are tremendous fellows for fighting—nearly always west, muscular men, six feet or more high, and used to work and exposure of every sort. They looked, even in the prison, like old cavaliers, as they stalked around folded in their huge sheep-skins. One of them said to me, that if Kossuth should come back, there would not be a peasant in the [illegible]

Shall no day of deliverance ever come for the generous-hearted and the good, who are lying here in Hungarian prisons?

I was much interested, in my new company, to notice the difference of character between our [illegible], the Count, and the Hungarian. I could well understand the utter distaste, or [illegible], which once existed between the two races. The Count was a lawyer, an exceedingly well-educated, shrewd, supple man, but he could not get along at all with the Hungarian. [illegible] But, in his conversation with me, I could see he was as utterly opposed to Austrian oppression as the others were, though his [illegible] would be, to utterly flee the country. We used often together to assail the old Hungarian, feudal Constitution, and the others would defend it. On the whole, my company in my new quarters was very pleasant, and we became quite attached to one another.

After some three weeks of imprisonment, I was summoned, one day, before the Court, and the Auditor met me, with the most condescending manner, and said, "I have good news for you!" handing me a letter from Mr. McCurdy. I was obliged to break the seal before the Court, and allow them to read it first. But as it was English, and the President only knew a few words, they at length permitted me to read it aloud in German, before the Court, which I did with great *gusto!*

If any one of your readers will imagine himself shut up for weeks in a remote foreign prison, not knowing all the while, whether he was to be imprisoned for life, or to be summarily shot by a "drum-head court-martial," treated throughout like a worthless criminal; then if he will suppose himself suddenly receiving a letter from the representative of a mighty nation, the only man who possibly could help him—a letter at once friendly, and bold, and manly—he will get some faint idea of my feelings, as I read Mr. McCurdy's letter to the Court on this occasion. I felt safe again. I felt that the representative of twenty-five millions of men was speaking for me, and in a way which *must* be heard.

The letter had been detained some ten days after the time in which it ought to have reached me. It began with an account of his proceedings in my behalf. As soon as he had heard of the event, he applied directly, by letter, to Prince Schwarzenberg, and then personally enforced his demand for my immediate release. He had received favorable assurances, and should not intermit a moment his efforts, &c. Then followed this passage, which it was a great satisfaction to read to the men who had treated me as an impostor, and bullied me so long: "As I am perfectly convinced you can have been guilty of no offence, and as *the Austrian Government can have no motive or inclination to create a hostile feeling on the part of ours*, I expect your immediate release." And then, after some further friendly words, the closing passage: "Every motive—friendship for you, respect for your family, *a regard for the rights and honor of our country*, impel me to spare no efforts in your behalf."

The Auditor looked positively uncomfortable as I read out that last with all proper emphasis. It had begun to enter his head that shutting up an American citizen for a month in an Austrian dungeon, on *suspicion*, might not be considered at all as a trifling matter by the American people.

When I read it up stairs, the prisoners gave an "*Eljen*" to Mr. McCurdy! Beside this letter, there had been another, written me by our Consul, Mr. Schwarz, from Vienna. This ought to have reached me long before; but, according to this villainous Austrian system, all letters sent through the Post Office to my name were opened. The mode of the operation, as I learned in private, is this: When the Government suspects a man, his name is sent to the officer who has charge of the sorting the letters, and a letter to his address is at once handed over to the police. There is a perfect system in the rascality. No Post-Office clerk has the right to open as he will; the order must come from the police. My letter had been sent up to the Commissary of Police in Pesth, and he had written on it, "*Nothing dangerous!*" and it was forwarded to Grosswardein. There, the Auditor had read it, and thought it was "dangerous," until after Mr. McCurdy's letter came; after that, he concluded to hand it over to me. I should never have received, probably, Mr. McCurdy's, if he had not had the personal promise of Bach himself, the Minister of the Interior, that it should reach me.

Such is one slight specimen of Austrian police-ment!

My knowledge, at this time, of their whole operations, would have surprised them enough. But the sympathy through the whole country was so great for my case, that I learned every move which they were making. I knew that their great object was to justify themselves—and they were holding on to me, to find some good ground for my detention. People, too, were inquiring constantly at the prison, with reference to the case of "the American"—sending me wine, fruit, clothes, eatables. They were always sent back, however, with the reply that "he was abundantly cared for!" The General, too, called on me, and spoke English with me, and called me "my dear!"—and promised me books—which never came.

At length, when they could with no sort of reason hold on to me longer, I was summoned, one day, for the last time, to the Court-room, which I had visited so often—all my money and articles were restored to me—my books and papers sent on to Pesth—and I informed that "this unfortunate mistake could at length be righted," and I was to go directly to Pesth. But *as I had no passport*, (it was sent in with the papers,) it would be best for me to go in company with a gentleman they could recommend! He would take charge of all the arrangements, and I would have no further difficulties, as, under the circumstances, a further journey on my part was hardly advisable. I had become used to their polite, diplomatic mode of lying, by this time—and I requested to know, in plain language, how it was? "*Am I free—or do I travel off under arrest?*" "Oh no, sir, under no arrest! You have merely the escort of this gentleman to Pesth, who will carry you directly to the Commissary of Police, and there you will learn what further is to result in your case!" In the meantime I was to go to the apartments of the *Provost*, Count Desu, and wait for the vehicle, which would be ready in a few hours.

I went back to the room, in order to have my last moments, if possible, with the prisoners, and not with any from this detested Court. We drank coffee together for the last time. They took my address in America, and I their names, which I have still in the lining of my hat. We promised a reunion in a freer land. "Tell our countrymen," said one, "whenever you meet them, in your Fatherland, or in Europe, that we are waiting for them! They are the happy ones! They are free! We, in the prisons or anywhere in this land, are *the slaves!* But tell them never to forget their country!" Then, with a regret which I, for my part, had never expected to feel at leaving a Hungarian prison, we all embraced each other—and, with the rich sounding Hungarian "*Isten algyonok*," (God bless you!) following me, I left them—perhaps forever! It cannot be imagined what a strange feeling came over me, as I stepped out in the sunlight again, like any other free man! As I walked with the *Provost* [illegible]

The Count very politely offered me wine, but I did not drink; and as the Auditor went away, and wished me "good-bye," I crushed within [illegible] While I was waiting for the carriage, I went out to look at the [illegible] for the last time, where I had walked so often. As I stood in the balcony, the Count came by from his walk with the Provost. I tried to catch his eye, to say "Good-bye," but he did not see me, and the carriage drove up. The "gentleman" with whom I was to travel [illegible] what I had supposed—that he was a military officer. I said nothing, however.

The General shook hands with me, and told me to write to him when I reached Vienna! I thanked him for his politeness, and took off my hat to the officers, the soldiers saluted, and off we started, on the edge of a June evening, from the old fortress, which had given me so many a weary hour—toward "Freedom and Home."

Of all the feelings of my life—if I live a hundred years—I shall never forget the rush of delight, as I rode out for the first time into the still, soft air of that beautiful June night. The breath of free air again, the sight of stars and clouds, the night movement, the new hopes and the memory of past suffering, the looking forward to justice or wrong, the thankfulness for my deliverance, all rushed upon my mind so, that I was in a fever of excitement. It was like a new life. It seemed to me I could swim in that delicious atmosphere. In that cool [illegible] to please me, they had let me travel as I pleased, and I told my companion to drive on all night; I had no desire to sleep or rest. Thoughts and feelings passed through my breast, as I have never experienced before. However, I thought it would not be at all amiss to be entirely absorbed in this delight, so I joined in conversation with my companion. He took an early opportunity to mention, incidentally, that he had been in the Hussars for fifteen years, and that he had double-barrelled pistols in his pockets, and a gun under the seat, for robbers! I received the account very coolly, examined the pistols, and told him of a kind we had, which would shoot six times to his twice—rather doubted whether they were ever of much use to any one, except to "a dead shot"—and then fell into a long conversation with him, with the deliberate purpose of corrupting his political principles if it was possible.

Of my success in this, and of my remaining experience in the systematic falsehoods and duplicity of the Austrian police, I must speak in another letter, as the mail is already closing.

C. L. B.

Miscellaneous.

THE WORLD'S EXHIBITION.

That this country, when her forces are fairly marshalled, may outtalk the lions of every nation on the globe, let no American doubt. Let us look at one single department—the highest, most difficult, and most honorable—sculpture. England has a roomful of marbles and plaster casts; Austrian Italy furnishes another equally large. These are probably the most creditable and most admired contributions in the whole collection. Yet America had it in her power to exhibit a display of works of this kind, which would have thrown Austria and England into utter inferiority. We have a tolerable familiarity with the productions of the chisel of every nation in Europe; and we defy any man to contradict us, when we affirm that the American school of sculpture is at this time by far the most splendid in the world. It is a proposition that admits of no dispute. And how is this—the first of all the classes of exhibited objects, in which to have triumphed would have given us the *aristeia* of the whole contest—how was this filled up by our countrymen? Will it be believed that the native land of Powers, of Greenough, of Crawford, and of Brown, sent not one single statue, not one single cast, of any sort whatever? Yet it is even so. By a happy suggestion of Mr. Lawrence, who, seeing the pitiable collapse of the American effort, thought of borrowing the Greek Slave—one single specimen of the genius of our sculptors is there; but it is there by the liberality of an Englishman. As it is, that solitary block of marble constitutes our highest protection to respect, and of itself saves us from indignity. We undertake to assert, that, at the next Exhibition, America can fill a room with twenty statues, the least meritorious of which shall be superior to the best that any other nation shall furnish. For what has Italy, Germany, or England produced, in the last fifteen years, that can be compared to Crawford's Orpheus or Proserpine—to Greenough's Medora, or to the group now in his studio at Florence—to Power's Eve, or America, or his heads of Webster and Marshall—or others which we might enumerate?

This matter of sculpture is but a specimen of all the rest. There is not an inch of American cloth in the present Exhibition. There are no calicoes, except some half-dozen very common-place pieces sent by one single company. There are no carpets. In short, in linen, cotton, woollen and silk stuffs, there is absolutely no show whatever. There is no machinery. Of the thousand admirable patent inventions which have been originated here, not half a dozen are to be seen. We ourselves could make out, at five minutes' notice, a list of fifty philosophical instruments of the first repute, contrived by the science and ingenuity of our citizens, of which not one is on the spot. The locomotives of this country are in use in Italy and Russia, and preferred to the English. Yet, though England sends specimens of all of hers, America sends not one. Is it wondrous that our share of the Exposition is a failure, when we have refused or neglected to send such things as we have referred to? America *can* compete with Europe in manufactures, and at the next Exhibition she must and will do it.—*Home Journal.*

SIZE OF BOOKS.—Every reader of a newspaper in which books are noticed, frequently meets with the terms *quarto, octavo, duodecimo*, &c., or their abbreviations, 4to, 8vo, 12mo, &c. This is frequently a great puzzle to the uninitiated; and it may not be amiss, for the benefit of mankind, to give a little explanation of these enigmatical signs of ideas. This is the more necessary, as it is the only mode by which the size of a book is designated in print. If one understands the vo's and mo's and has the number of pages which the book contains, he can immediately form an idea of its size; as for instance, when it is stated that a book is a 12mo, of 400 pp., [pages] he knows at once what must be its appearance as to size, making due allowance for the difference in the thickness of paper.

First, then, be it understood, these vo's and mo's indicate the number of leaves in a sheet, and correspond to the leaves, not the pages which a sheet contains. Take a sheet of a given size, say a medium, a sheet nineteen by twenty-four, and give it one fold, like a common newspaper, and you have a folio with two leaves, or four pages; give it another fold, and you have a quarto, [4to.] with four leaves, or eight pages; give it another fold, and you have an octavo, [8vo.] or eight leaves, or sixteen pages, and so on. By another mode of folding, you obtain a 12mo, 24mo, 48mo, &c., and another again, as 18mo, 36mo, &c. These figures and letters, though abbreviations of Latin, are ordinarily in these days turned into rather barbarous English, by printers, publishers and book-sellers, for the sake of brevity. Thus they say a 12mo, a 48mo, instead of a duodecimo, &c.—*Detroit Adv.*

LADIES AND CONTRIBUTION BOXES.—We copy the following paragraph from the London Weekly Times, not knowing whether the phenomenon rather ungallantly pointed out has ever been observed in this country:

"In a speech at a Bible meeting at Cheltenham last week, the Rev. Francis Close said:—'There were some very smart ladies who went to his church—ladies with beautiful pink bonnets and very fine ribands—(laughter)—and dressed in all sorts of finery; and some of those ladies were in the habit of coming out of his church and dropping into the plate little neatly-folded packets, done up in brown paper. (Laughter.) Now, he might mention it as a statistical fact, that there was never found in any one of those little packets any of the current coin of the realm more valuable than copper.'"

BREVITY THE SOUL OF WIT.—In the briefest correspondence known, only two figures were used; the first contained a note of interrogation (?), implying "is there any news?" The answer was a cypher (0), "None." This was clever; but neighbor Shuttleworth, in Nottingham market-place, beats it. He has on his chimney two large T's, one painted black, the other green, to indicate that he sells black and green teas.—*Nottingham Review.*

Wit and Humor.

COLLEGE FREAKS.

[From a Review in the Literary World, of Hall's "College Words and Customs."]

The three most mischievous beings in creation are a monkey, a schoolgirl, and a freshman.—The latter enters college, his memory stored with mysterious tales of the bold feats of his predecessors, his ambition fired with the idea of eclipsing them, and a firm conviction that it is his bounden duty to make as great noise and annoy Professors and classmates as much as he can with any degree of safety to himself. [illegible] and a sophomore was the hero of the following anecdote:—

CUNNING LOGIC AND CUTTING ANSWERS.—Dr. ——, *in propria persona*, called upon a Southern student one morning in the recitation-room, to define logic. The question was something in this form:

"Mr. ——, what is logic?"

"Logic, sir, is the art of reasoning."

"Aye; but I wish you to give the definition in the usual words of the learned author."

"Oh, sir, he gives a very long, intricate, confused definition, with which I did not think proper to burden my memory."

"Are you aware who the learned author is?"

"Oh yes; your honor, sir."

"Well, then, I fine you one dollar for disrespect."

Taking out a two dollar note, the student said, with the utmost *sang-froid*,

"If you will change this I will pay you on the spot."

"I fine you another dollar, sir," said the Professor, emphatically, "for repeated disrespect."

"Then 'tis just the change, sir," said the student, coolly.

A very cool answer from a sophomore is indelibly recorded among the memories of our college days.

Professor —— had a peculiarly red nose; so red, indeed, that it was usually deemed a sign that the interior of the temple was dedicated to Bacchus. Upon this point the Professor was peculiarly sensitive.

One day a chestnut, propelled by some invisible hand, hurtled across the room, and came so violently in contact with the learned gentleman's bald pate, that, glancing off, it spun almost up to the ceiling.

"Mr. F——," thundered out the Professor, "that was you, sir; I know it, sir; don't deny it, sir; your blushes betray you, sir."

"Do you think that I blush, sir?" modestly asked the student.

"Blush!" retorted the Professor. "Your face is as red as a beet."

"Pardon me, sir," replied F., "I think it's only the reflection of light; *perhaps you looked at me over your nose.*"

Among the most amusing pages are those devoted to an account of the "Medical Faculty Society" of Harvard, which commenced its funny existence in 1818, and terminated it in 1834.—Distinguished persons very frequently—much to their surprise—received advices of honorary membership. A triennial catalogue in very precise Latin was issued in imitation of the Triennial of the college, and in it, persons who had acquired some ridiculous notoriety, frequently found themselves suddenly immortalized and placed in very queer company. Among those upon whom honorary degrees were conferred, we find Christophe of Hayti, William Cobbett, John C. Symmes, Alexander the First of Russia—who was so completely deceived by the appearance of the sheepskin that he forwarded a valuable present to the society; Andrew Jackson, Pop Emmons, Day & Martin, Sam Patch, Chang and Eng, Martin Van Buren, the Sea Serpent, Captain Hall, Mrs. Trollope, and the Rev. Isaac Fiddler: rather a heterogeneous collection. Complaints to the Faculty of Harvard, from some of the parties so distinguished, at last resulted in the breaking up of the society.

The "commons" have always been a fruitful subject for complaint among students. We find recorded,

THE SAD EFFECTS OF TOO MUCH LAMB.—"The students, after eating this kind of meat for five or six consecutive weeks, would often assemble before the steward's house, and, as if their nature had been changed by their diet, would bleat and blatter until he was fain to promise them a change of food, upon which they would separate until a recurrence of the same evil compelled them to the same measure."

There was probably an *emeute*, at least, if not revolution among the students, when the following event occurred:

PROBABLE RISE OF PROVISIONS.—"Exhibition, 1791, April 20th. This morning Tropier was rusticated, and Sullivan suspended to Groton for nine months, *for mingling tartar emetic* with our commons on the morning of April 12th.

"May 21. Ely was suspended to Amherst for five months, for assisting Sullivan and Tropier in mingling tartar emetic with our commons."

Freshmen in the earlier, as in our days, were often even with their seniors, for their abuse and oppression. We remember a case in point. A high-spirited young man who had lately entered, in passing beneath the windows of a sophomore, received the contents of a pail of not over clean water. A tutor was in sight at the time; but, regardless of that, the freshman seized a brick which he threw with such precision that it broke the sash, and did some considerable mischief in the room. The sophomore complained of the other for breaking his windows. The latter's defence was, that he did not throw a brick at the former's windows, but at the head of a person who had thrown filthy water upon him. He was acquitted, and his adversary dismissed. In the following instance, the gentleman must have received

TOO MANY PIPES FOR A DOLLAR.—"A freshman was once furnished with a dollar, and ordered by one of the upper classes to procure for them pipes and tobacco from the farthest store on Long Wharf, a good mile distant. Being at that time compelled by college laws to obey the unreasonable demand, he proceeded according to order, and returned with ninety-nine cents worth of pipes, and one penny-worth of tobacco. It is needless to add that he was not again sent on a similar errand."

A POLITICAL ANECDOTE.—The following anecdote of the late Gov. James Barbour, of Va., was told us by a gentleman who resides in the Piedmont region. Gov. Barbour was a candidate to represent his county in the State Legislature, and was opposed by Thomas Davis. The Governor, in his speech on the hustings, said:—"Fellow citizens, I had the honor to represent my country for several years in the Assembly of Virginia; I was for some years Governor of this ancient and venerable Commonwealth; I was for a considerable time a representative of this district in the Congress of the United States; I had, fellow-citizens, at a subsequent period, the honor to hold a seat in the most august legislative body in the world—the Senate of the United States; at another period, I had the place of Secretary of the War Department in the administration of John Quincy Adams, and was afterwards Minister Plenipotentiary and Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of St. James; and now, fellow-citizens, you may picture to yourselves the humiliation that I feel at finding myself here to-day engaged in a little pitiful county contest with Tom Davis!"—*South Side Democrat.*

INCIDENT IN AN OMNIBUS.—In going up Broadway, South Boston, a day or two since, in one of the long 'buses, when every seat on the shady side was occupied, a very large woman entered, and took a place opposite, seating herself sideways, her back to the door, looking out of the window. Presently entered the conductor, taking fares, and touching her gently on the shoulder, held out his hand for a ticket. She supposing it to be a signal from some one behind her to move up, made way. The conductor touched her again—she moved up further—and again the same. At the fourth touch, she looked around and beheld the extended hand, which she imagining herself recognized, grasped with a most hearty shake and a loud "How do you do?" The conductor entered into the joke and returned the squeeze, while she, with a most puzzled expression of face, tried in vain to think where she had seen him before. A laugh from some of the passengers soon set her right, and she handed over her fare.—*Transcript.*

☞ The most unprofitable *improvement* we ever heard of, was the Farmington Canal, which never afforded but one dividend, and that was one Summer when the Directors mowed the tow path and divided the hay.

[illegible]

JONES.—Good morning, sir.

DOE.—I just called in, presuming that you would like to see me, sir.

JONES.—I wish to see you! no indeed!

DOE.—I thought, perhaps you wished to pay that account, sir (showing the bill.)

JONES.—No; I haven't got a blessed cent. I haven't sold a thing to-day.

DOE.—Well, as I'm not by any means in a hurry this morning, and the weather's hot, I think I'll just take a seat, with your permission, and remain till you *sell something.*

The coolness with which the proposition was made, and the [illegible] convinced us in the opinion that the Doe was no ordinary individual, and [illegible] should find a place among

"——the few immortal names
That were not born to die."

[H. G. Dale.

DONE AS SHE WAS TOLD.—The Albany Register tells the following laughable affair, which occurred in the family of a friend:—The master of the house had purchased for dinner, among other things, a quantity of green beans and sent them home. His wife told the girl—who, by the way, was a "daughter of Erin,"—to string the beans preparatory to their being cooked.—Promptly to obey the bidding of her mistress, she procured a needle and stout thread, and proceeded to the work. When the lady of the house went into the kitchen, she found her servant busily engaged in *stringing the beans*, and had completed a string about three feet in length. Convulsed with laughter, she was compelled to withdraw for a few minutes, until she could regain her wonted composure, then, returning, she explained to the girl her mistake.

"Shure," said she, "you told me to string them, and sha'n't I after doin' it?"

By dint of persuasion, she was induced to follow the example of her mistress, and finished "stringing the beans" in proper style.

PUNCH'S CONCESSION FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—A Lady-Jumper (on the principle of the Baby-Jumper)—to keep the wife quiet at home, whilst the husband goes out and enjoys himself at his Club.

A Latch-Key—which really has the effect, falsely attributed to most latch-keys, of turning every clock in the house three hours back, directly as the husband opens the street-door.

A Machine for quarrelsome households, for enabling strangers to see at once which way the cat jumps.

Selected Articles.

THE BLOOMER DRESS.

AN ANSWER TO MRS. SWISSHELM.

You are out, I see tactically against the new costume. "Every one to their fancy" is my motto. But here is our Mary, who has been luxuriating in short dresses somewhat of late, thinks them a great addition to comfort, and wants me to ask you how you manage to get easily up the cellar stairs of a warm morning, with the cream cup in one hand and the butter plate in the other; whether you hitch your long frock upon your bodies, hold it in your teeth, or tramp on it and tear it, or break the gathers out, stumbling at the same time and splashing the cream into your face and eyes, down your bosom, and spoiling your dress; how you manage in the cucumber and tomato patch, &c., &c.

As for your assertion, that "you would rather undertake to manage an ordinary riding skirt in a briar patch, than to get along in a skirt that only reached to the knee;" she begs leave to suggest that you lie under a mistake, and that probably you have never tried either. I tell her you might turn your riding skirt over your head, and make bonnet and shawl both of it, and get along nicely.

"The whole controversy," you say, "is a much ado about nothing—a grand petticoat warfare, which would appear to argue that women can never get above dress." It's the men, Jane, that make the "ado." All the men in the country are talking about the matter, just as if we women folk could not be allowed to wear what we please. By the way, they must all approve the change. I have dared to write a paragraph in favor of shortening our skirts and simplifying our outward garniture: "I am sorry if it made you blush;" but you have talked so much of late about reforms of dress, "heavy skirts," "trailing skirts," and "jug waists and tight bodices," that I never once thought of hurting your feelings. On the contrary, I believed myself helping you along, for I agreed with you pretty much. Now, if it is so ridiculous for moral reformers to "set themselves to work to fix the attention of the whole world on a new-fashioned petticoat," let us be careful that we don't write two whole columns per week to fix it back upon the old one, which you have been for the last two years, finding fault with, not your own style, but other peoples'.

Oh, Jane! only think of it; if we were to save a quarter of a yard in length, each and every one of us from our dresses, and each dress, as you suggest, should have four, five, or seven yards in width—but stop—let us go into a mathematical calculation; figures never lie.

There are eight millions of women in these United States, old enough to wear the new costume. At a low estimate it costs each female twelve dollars a year for dresses and skirts on an average; now a neat and appropriate short dress, with suitable and substantial pants, may be made of the same material, and save one quarter of the present expense; (we have tried it at home, and know it can be done). This will be a saving of—of—open your eyes, unstop your ears, and hold your breath—*twenty-four millions of dollars!* My stars! Don't talk any more about the ten million Texas swindle, or the fifteen millions (or less) for the *extravagant* expenses of civil government, or the twenty-four millions army and navy bill; don't say "it's all much ado about nothing," when such a saving would build a school-house in every district in the United States worth two hundred dollars, and leave four millions to buy cheap calico frocks and shoes for all the poor little girls in the nation. Oh! what a "nothing" that would be to make an ado about! Don't you think so?

AUNT FANNY.

P. S.—Mary wished to get a Bloomer dress to appear in on the Fourth of July. She selected a neat piece of very light colored silk, at one dollar per yard. The pattern for a full dress in the present style would have cost fifteen dollars. She purchased her Bloomer dress, pants of linen, and gaiters for less than ten. We are some out of the world, and have not Mrs. Bloomer's patterns; but her dress is comfortable, decent—some say tasteful. I am too old, or too much wedded to old habits to feel like changing myself to the full costume; but to every one who wishes to do so, I say with my whole heart, do so.—*Saturday Visiter.*

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.—A stranger, who was itinerating as a teacher, called upon my father, and requested permission to examine some of the boys. I was among the number. My father, by way of relieving the feelings of the man, said—"That boy is very slow at learning; I fear you will not be able to do much with him." My heart sank. I would have given the world to have been as some of the boys around me. The man spoke with kindness, gave me some directions, and, laying his hand upon my head, observed—"This lad will make a good scholar yet." I felt his kindness; it raised my spirit; the possibility of being able to learn was, in this moment, and for the first time, impressed upon my mind; a ray of hope sprung up within me; in that hope I lived and labored; it seemed to create power; my lessons were all committed to memory with ease, and I could have doubled the effort, had it been required. From that period, Adam never looked back, and never paused. The same quickness of perception and tenacity of memory, discoverable from the first dawning of intelligence as applied to other things, now accompanied his pursuit of learning; he was no longer like the animal tempering round the same spot, in consequence of the chain by which it is bound; he became like the racer; there was progress in every movement; he sped over the course with prodigious swiftness, and he felt the pleasure of it himself.—*Adam Clarke.*

SPORTS OF CHILDHOOD.—A celebrated female writer thus pleads the cause of the little girls:—"I plead that she be not punished as a romp, if she keenly enjoy those active sports which city gentility proscribes. I plead that the ambition to make her accomplished, do not chain her to the piano, till the spinal column, which should consolidate the frame, starts aside like a broken reed—nor bow her over a book, till the vital energy, which ought to pervade the whole frame, mounts into the brain, and kindles the death-fever."

LITTLE CHILDREN LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

A little girl with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book,
All bound with velvet and edged with gold,
And its weight was more than the child could hold;
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
And every day she prized it more,
For she said—and she looked at her smiling mother—
It said, "Little children love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the book,
And the lesson home to her heart she took;
She walked on her way with a trusting grace,
And a dove-like look in her meek young face,
Which said, just as plain as words can say,
"The Holy Bible I must obey;
So, Mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother,
For 'Little children must love one another.'

I'm sorry he's naughty, and will not play,
But I'll love him still, for I think the way
To make him gentle and kind to me,
Will be better shown, if I let him see
I strive to do what I think is right,
And thus when I kneel in prayer to-night,
I will clasp my arms around my brother,
And say, 'Little children love one another.'"

The little girl did as her Bible taught,
And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought,
For the boy looked up in glad surprise,
To meet the light of her loving eyes;
His heart was full—he could not speak—
But he pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek;
And God look'd down on the happy mother,
Whose "little children loved one another."

THE BEAUTIFUL CHILD OF THE ALLEY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

[This simple but affecting sketch is addressed by the writer to the young, but we think that all ages will be interested by it:]

My children, death is sometimes called a destroying angel. We may fancy the angel as beautiful as we please; indeed, if there is a real being of that kind in the invisible beyond us, I love to think that he is a glorious form, commissioned by opening the golden gates of Heaven, and ushering in the lovely spirits he has disembodied to the delights of the great world which all good people inherit. Now I am going to write you about a little sister child, and the first great shock which the destroying angel made upon my heart when I was very young.

In the lower part of the city of Boston, there are a great number of narrow courts. Many of these, that are now filled with vagabonds of all descriptions, were once inhabited by honest and thrifty families, who worked hard at their various avocations, sent their children to school, and lived happily together.

At the primary school which I attended, I always saw, seated in the A B C class, a most cherub-like little being, who, in Summer, was generally dressed in white, and in Winter, when she came—which was rarely—in pretty robes of some thick material, that kept her warm and comfortable. I would then often wonder whose little girl she was, so perfectly beautiful, with such clear, gazelle-like eyes, that always looked as if they were more fit for a sorrowful soul to weep through than for smiles and mirth to look out from. She was a pet with every one of the scholars, and there would be quite a discussion, sometimes, at the foot of the stairs, as to which two should lead her home by her little white hands. Being silent and reserved, it was a long while before I made her acquaintance—a long while before I dared to twine her glossy golden curls around my finger, and clasp my arms about her neck and kiss her, or teach her in such a manner to caress me. But at last I learned her to love me, and I learned too, that the little bent-down, delicate woman, with her old and patched clothing, that sometimes brought her in her arms, and always pulled the child's pretty robes away from her shoulders, and arranged her curls before she left her, was not a servant in her mother's family, as I supposed, but the mother herself; that she lived in one of those narrow courts leading out of Ann Street, and took in washing for her living.

Never saw I such devotion displayed by a parent as by that humble and broken-spirited washerwoman. She would wear the very meanest garments herself, to deck the unearthly beauty of her child in the finest clothing. She lived on the coarsest food, but the little girl had an elegant little set of the nicest porcelain to eat her dainty fare from, and her little mug, fancifully gilded, was replenished, morning and evening, with fresh, sweet milk. The mother's bed was low and uncomfortable, filled with hard straw, and covered with a rug, or an old blanket, or some scanty quilt; but the little Luly, as the school girls called her, had of the nicest of little polished cribs, with clean little sheets, and what always appeared wonderful to me, a faded blue satin quilt, lined with faded pink satin, and worked all over with needle-work. These things seemed almost out of place in the dark cellar—for the washerwoman was very poor, and was obliged to live under ground, where she paid but a small sum for the rent—but when that little sinless one sat in her pretty rocking chair, singing, and looking upward till her eyes seemed to melt into soft stars, like those that shine in Heaven, on a moonless night, it was full of light and beauty to the heart of the self-denying mother.

The quilt that so much attracted my attention, was brought from over the seas by sweet Luly's father, who was once the first mate of an Indian-bound brig; but alas! he was suddenly killed on the second birth-day of his child, by falling into the hold. This dreadful accident turned the poor widow's brain for a time, and when she recovered her senses, she was a long while sick. Upon her recovery, she seemed to be assisted by the hand of charity, and exerted herself to procure work which would enable her to take care of herself and babe. She was scrupulously neat, and many a time a gift to herself or the little one was found on the cellar steps by the poor woman, when she returned from her hard work.

One balmy Summer's day, such a day as makes the by-lanes of the great city glad and bright, school was let out sooner than usual by nearly two hours. The little Luly had looked and behaved uncommonly well, and had so engaged all our hearts that we thought surely not such another angel lived in the whole wide world; and there was a great clamoring for the honor of assisting her home as usual. When one would ask her to go with her, she would lift her bright eyes, and strive to clasp the neck of her friend; and if another gave the same invitation, she would turn round and laugh a glad assent; but by-and-bye we arranged it, that a number of us would accompany her to the old court and play there awhile; we knew that our parents would not object, most of them, because carriages and horses were never allowed in its narrow precincts, and it was a still, quiet place.

You all know, children, how little girls play when they get together on a pleasant afternoon. We kept school till we were tired, but we had so much fixing to do about Luly's pretty hair, and so much talking baby talk to her, that the rest of the scholars received very slight attentions.—Then we began to play "keep house;" but we all wanted to be "mother," and call Luly "the baby;" so we got but a very little farther than the resolve.

We had placed little Luly on a cricket in the middle of the court, and given her a book of colored pictures to busy herself with, and became quite engaged in a boisterous play which children call "tag," when suddenly we heard a terrific shrieking of female voices, a loud shout of "For God's sake, take care," and before we could move, up dashed a furious white horse into the centre of the path, his eyes red and inflamed, and the thick white foam falling in large flakes from his horrible open mouth.

Up he flew, like a wild, pale demon, his hoofs ringing, steel-like, against the paving-stones; we could not move, speak, think, breathe; oh! how awful a moment was that.

I cannot remember distinctly what happened, except that my distended eye-balls were riveted upon that sweet trampled form that laid lifeless in the middle of the old court-yard; that idolized creature, still and white, with blood on the ground beside her; and I saw, too, the cruel horse that reared up against the old building, and turning, rushed back again, stamping upon that precious little object of so much care and love as if he would rend it to pieces. The vision still lies upon my mind *as a vision*; I would fain persuade myself that it was not true, but I cannot, for I well recollect how on the following day I turned my steps sorrowfully, with many of my companions, in the direction of the washerwoman's home, and the fair, yet awful picture I saw there.

The crib had been moved near the door, that pretty sleeping-place that had so long nestled the head of the fair child; the quilt was replaced by a beautiful veil of costly lace, with which a rich and sympathising lady had covered the sweet body with her own hands. There, on the round, polished brow, had the fingers of the destroying angel lingered, and as the silken fleece of the bright hair stirred, one might think he was yet breathing his cold breath among their threads of gold. All in snowy garments, pure and holy laid the sinless one, her dreadful wounds hidden by the folds of soft cambric that gathered over her form. The poor mother sat away in the corner, in a dim light, her head bowed upon her bosom. Sometimes we could see her raise her arms to heaven, and clasp her hands over her head, and [illegible]

"Yes," murmured the heart-broken mother, in tones of piercing grief, "yes, I ought to be thankful for that; he didn't touch her face, he didn't dare to touch her beautiful face;" and then she sobbed, and moaned, "oh! my child, my child!" while we stood gazing in mute sorrow. [illegible] came to us, and told us all to kiss the little Luly, for she would be put in the cold ground that very day; so we touched our lips to the innocent face, and left the dark cellar, weeping bitterly for the loss of our loved playmate.

Now you will ask, children, if the destroying angel that so cruelly stopped little Luly's breath was not a hard, cold, dark being? I thought so at the time, and I shuddered with my fear when I dwelt upon it; but now I feel differently. Suppose Luly had grown up in her cherished loveliness—for you can hardly form an idea of her loveliness—so admired, so caressed by everybody? And then suppose her mother had died, and the delicate, petted child had been thrown upon a cold world? How can we tell what might have been her fate? Is it not better, infinitely better, that she should bloom in immortal beauty on the fair shores of the spirit world, than live and sorrow, sicken, pine, and die, in this?—perhaps lose that sweet purity that made her fit company for the blessed Immanuel. Oh! it is better as it is, and I never wish to think of that poor girl's death, unless I can behold by faith, the mighty, yet bright destroying angel, lifting the sweet spirit of little crushed Luly from its disfigured body, and bearing it up to the bosom of our Lord, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—*Olive Branch.*

The Olio.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ART.—What little I have seen does not impress me with the superiority of Ancient over Modern Art. Of course if you compare the dozen best things produced in twenty centuries against a like number chosen from the productions of the last single century, you will show a superiority on the part of the former; but that decides nothing. The Capitoline Venus is a paragon, but there is no collection of ancient sculpture which will compare with the extensive gallery of busts by Canova alone. When Iconoclast Time shall have done his appointed work of covering with the pall of oblivion the worse shadow-benefits of the productions of the modern chisel, the genuine successes of the Nineteenth Century will shine out clearer and brighter than they now do. So, I trust, with Painting, though I do not know what painter of our age to place on a parallel eminence with Canova as the champion or representative of Modern as compared with Ancient Art.—*Horace Greeley.*

YORKSHIRE INTELLIGENCE.—On Wednesday last, a man who attended some cattle from a certain part of this county to the Royal Agricultural Show, in London, was boasting in the market of the wonderful things he had both seen and heard in "the great metropolis of the world." A person standing by inquired what was the greatest wonder he had seen; and he replied, "a place all covered over with glass." The querist inquired the name of the place. The "Yorkshireman" replied, "I dunna know downright what was the name, but I thinks as how I knows summat like it!" On being further interrogated, he said, "the nearest name like it I can recollect, is eggs and bacon!" On being asked if he did not mean the "Exhibition," he replied, "Egad, thee hast hit on't; thee beest a scholard, and I be none, and this is how thee'st got the 'vantage!"—*English paper.*

DECISION AND DESTINY.—Prescott relates that Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, in one of his reverses, was cast on the island of Gallo, with a few of his followers. When in a starving condition, two vessels arrived from Panama for his relief, and to induce him to abandon his object.—Now came the test of his decision of character, and the determination of his earthly destiny. Drawing his sword, he traced a line with it on the sand from east to west. Then turning towards the south—"Friends and comrades," he said, "on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desolation, and death; on this side ease and pleasure. There lies Peru, with its riches—here Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south." So saying, he stepped across the line. He was followed by eleven others, and Peru was conquered!

PLENTY OF HOPE.—To effect trouble, always have a large stock of hope on hand. This was Micawber's plan. The very night he went to jail for debt he sent to an architect, to see what it would cost to decorate a house with hanging gardens, "in case any thing should turn up" that would warrant the outlay. How much better was this than applying a razor to your jugular, or charcoal fumes to your pulmonary arrangements. Things frequently end better than they promise at first.

LOCKS.—Mr. Paul Hodge lately read a paper before the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, England, upon locks, and stated that the principle on which all modern locks are constructed can be traced back nearly four thousand years. The three best locks manufactured in England during the last thirty years were those of Baron, Bramah, and Chubb, and the invention of each is based on the principle of the old Egyptian lock. The great American lock is based on a different principle.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 5, 6, 9, is a kind of herb.
My 2, 9, 6, 4, is a female relative.
My 3, 9, 6, may often annoy on a bad road.
My 4, 9, 6, is a certain weight.
My 5, 3, 12, all should restrain.
My 6, 2, 11, is a short sleep.
My 7, 2, 6, is much used in warm weather.
My 8, 5, 6, is the name of a metal.
My 9, 6, 5, 8, signifies a certain number.
My 10, 2, is what a child often calls its father.
My 11, 12, 2, 3, is a kind of fruit.
My 12, 2, 12, is a part of the human body.
My 13, 9, 1, is a sort of liquor.
My whole is the name of a celebrated British poet.
East Montpelier, Vt. C. H. P.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 36 letters.
My 34, 10, 23, 30, was one of the most cruel of the old Roman Emperors.
My 13, 21, 4, 5, 8, 11, was one of the principal gods of the ancient Greeks and Romans.
My 20, 16, 16, 2, 29, was a brave French General.
My 17, 19, 14, 3, 30, 25, is a modern English author.
My 15, 5, 12, 9, 2, 20, 13, is one of the United States.
My 28, 24, 20, 6, was once a powerful empire.
My 22, 13, 12, 10, 20, 19, was an ancient King of Denmark.
My 36, 11, 30, 26, 36, was a celebrated ancient poet.
My 7, 17, 30, 4, was a Roman Emperor.
My 27, 23, 15, 1, 35, 33, is a powerful country in Europe.
My 18, 20, 24, 9, is a noted English college.
My 31, 26, 4, 29, 6, was a Senator from Mississippi in the 31st Congress.
My whole was one of the greatest military chieftains of modern times.
G. W. S.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sorrowing culprit in his cell
For wicked deeds condemned to dwell,
Oft sighs my first to be:
Go search the nect'rine, plum, or peach,
My next you're sure to find in each,
As you will quickly see.
From earth behold my whole is torn,
The lofty mansion to adorn.

Tallahassee, Florida. T. M. O.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Being in a room opposite to the side of a window, the bottom of which was just the height of my eye, I observed that up the edge of the window I could see 40 courses of bricks in a wall on the opposite side of the street; but walking in a direct line towards the window 5 yards, I found that I could see 70 courses. Required the height of the window, supposing the breadth of the street to be 12 yards, and 4 courses of brickwork to the foot in height. L. ANDERSON.

Montreal, Canada.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are sheep supposed to be great gamesters? Ans.—Because the young ones are seen to gambol, (gamble) and many of the old ones are black legs.

☞ Why is a handsome woman plunging head-foremost in the water like a valuable machine? Ans.—She is a diving belle.

☞ Why is a Jew in a fever like a diamond ring? Ans.—He is a Jewel. (Jew ill.)

☞ What river in Bavaria answers "Who is there?" Ans.—Iser. (I, Sir.)

☞ What kind of portrait can you spell with three letters? Ans.—Effigy. (F. I. G.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
The Execution of Major Andre.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.
Diameter 40 feet.

PUZZLE.—Shoe.

CHARADE.—Stage-coach.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A link from the chain of evidence.
A hair from the head of an axe. C. H. P.
East Montpelier, Vt.

Agricultural.

VISIT TO AN ENGLISH DAIRY.

Let the reader accompany us half-a-dozen miles out of town. We pass through Camberwell, through Peckham, and Peckham Rye, and we presently find ourselves in a district that looks uncommonly like "the country;" considering how short a time it is since we left the "old smoke" behind us. We sight and walk onward, and certainly, if the sight of green fields, and cows, and hedges, and farm-yards, denote the country, we are undoubtedly in some region of the kind.

We pass down a winding road, between high hedges of bush and tree, then climb over a gate into a field; cross it, and then over another gate into a field, from which we commence a gradual ascent, field after field, all finally the green slope leads up to a considerable height. We are on the top of Friern Hill.

It is a bright sunny morning in September, and we behold to perfection the most complete panorama that can be found in the suburban vicinities of London. Step down with us to yonder hedge, a little below the spot where we have been standing. We approach the hedge—we get over a gate, and we suddenly find ourselves on the upper part of an enormous green sloping pasturage, covered all over with cows. The red cow, the white cow, the brown cow, the brindled cow, the yellow cow, the dappled cow, the streaked cow, the spotted cow, the liver-and-white cow, the strawberry cow, the mulberry cow, the chestnut cow, the gray speckled cow, the clouded cow, the black cow—the short-horned cow, the long-horned cow, the up-curling horns, the down-curling horn, the straight-horned cow, and the cow with the crumpled horn—all are here—here are two and three hundred—spread all over the broad, downward-sloping pasture, feeding, ruminating, standing, lying, gazing with mild earnestness, reclining with characteristic thoughtfulness, sleeping, or wandering hither and thither. A soft gleam of golden sunshine spreads over the pasture, and falls upon many of cows with a lovely, picturesque effect.

And what cows they are, as we approach and pass among them! Studies for a Morland, a Gainsborough, a Constable. We had never before thought there were any such cows out of their pictures. That they were highly useful, amiable, estimable creatures, who continually, at the best, appeared to be munching grass in a recumbent position, and composing a sonnet, we never doubted; but that they were ever likely to be admired for their beauty, especially when beheld, as many of these were, from a disadvantageous point of view, as to their position, we never for a moment suspected. Such, however, is the case. We have lived to see beauty in the form of a cow—a natural, modern, milch cow, and no descendant from any Ovidian metamorphosis.

We will now descend this broad and populous slope, and pay a visit to Friern Manor Dairy Farm, to which all these acres—some two hundred and fifty—belong, together with all these "horned beauties." We find them all very docile, and undisturbed by our presence, though their looks evidently denote that they recognize a stranger. But those who are reclining do not rise, and none of them decline to be caressed by the hand, or seem indifferent to the compliments addressed to them. In passing through the cows we were specially presented to the cow queen, or "master cow," as she is called. This lady has been recognized during twelve years, as the sovereign ruler over all the rest. No cow, however large, disputes her supremacy. She is a short-horned, short-legged cow, looking at first sight rather small, but on closer examination you will find that she is sturdily and solidly built, though graceful withal. "She is very sweet tempered," observed the head keeper, "but when a new-comer doubts about who is the master, her eye becomes dreadful. Don't signify how big the other cow is—she must give in to the master cow. It's not her size, nor strength, bless you, it's her spirit. As soon as the question is once settled, she's as mild as a lamb again. Gives us 16 quarts of milk a day."

We were surprised to hear of so great a quantity, but this was something abated by a consideration of the rich, varied, and abundant supply of food afforded to these cows, besides the air, attendance, and other favorable circumstances. For their food they have mangel-wurtzel, both the long red and the orange globe sorts, parsnips, turnips, and kohl-rabi, (Jewish cabbage,) a curious kind of green turnip, with cabbage leaves sprouting out of the top all round, like the feathery arms of the Prince of Wales. Of this last mentioned vegetable the cows often eat greedily; and sometimes endeavoring to bolt too large a piece, it sticks in their throats and threatens strangulation. On these occasions, one of the watchful keepers rushes to the rescue with a thing called a *probang*, (in fact a cow's throat rammer,) with which he rams down the obstructive morsel. But, besides these articles of food, there is the unlimited eating of grass in the pastures, so that the yield of a large quantity of milk seems only a matter of course, though we were not prepared to hear of its averaging from 12 to 16 and 20 quarts of milk a day, from each of these 2 or 300 cows. Four-and-twenty quarts a day is not an unusual occurrence from some of the cows; and one of them, we were assured by several of the keepers, once yielded the enormous quantity of 28 quarts a day during six or seven weeks. The poor cow, however, suffered for this munificence, for she was taken very ill with a fever, and her life was given over by the doctor. Mr. Wright, the proprietor, told us that he sat up two nights with her himself, he had such a respect for the cow; and in the morning of the second night after she was given over, when the butcher came for her, he couldn't find it in his heart to let him have her. "No, butcher," said he, "she's been a good friend to me, and I'll let her die a quiet, natural death." She hung her head, and her horns felt very cold, and so she lay for some time longer; but he nursed her, and was rewarded, for she recovered; and there she stands—the strawberry Durham short-horn—and yields him again from 16 to 18 quarts of milk a day.

Instead of proceeding directly down the sloping fields towards the Dairy Farm, we made a detour of about half-a-mile, and passed through a field well enclosed, in which were about a dozen cows, attended by one man, who sat beneath a tree. This was the Quarantine ground. All newly-purchased cows, however healthy they may appear, are first placed in this field during four or five weeks, and the man who milks or attends upon them is not permitted to touch, nor indeed, to come near, any of the cows in the great pasture.

Such is the susceptibility of a cow to the least contamination, that if one who had any slight disease were admitted among the herd, in a very short time the whole of them would be affected. When the proprietor has been to purchase fresh stock, and been much among strange cows, especially at Smithfield, he invariably changes all his clothes, and generally takes a bath before he ventures among his own herd.

From what has already been seen, the reader will not be astonished on his arrival with us at the Dairy Farm, to find every arrangement in accordance with the fine condition of the cows, and the enviable (to all other cows) circumstances in which they live. The cow-sheds are divided into fifty stalls, each; and the appearance presented reminded one of the neatness and order of cavalry stations. Each stall is marked with a number; a corresponding number is marked on one horn of the cow to whom it belongs; and, in winter time, or any inclement season (for they all sleep out in fine weather) each cow deliberately finds out, and walks into her own stall.—No. 175 once got into the stall of No. 15; but, in a few minutes, No. 15 arrived, and "showed her the difference." In winter, when the cows are kept very much in doors, they are all regularly groomed with curry-combs. By the side of one of these sheds there is a cottage where the keepers live—milkers and attendants—each with little iron bedsteads, and in orderly soldier fashion, the foreman's wife acting as the housekeeper.

These men lead a comfortable life, but they work hard. The first "milking" begins at 11 o'clock at night; and the second, at half-past one in the morning. It takes a long time, for each cow insists upon being milked in her own pail, *i. e.*, a pail to herself, containing no milk from any other cow—or, if she sees it, she is likely to kick it over. She will not allow any mixture. In this there would seem a strange instinct, accordant with her extreme susceptibility to contamination.

The milk is all passed through several strainers, and then placed in great tin cans, barred across the top, and sealed. They are deposited in a van, which starts from the Farm about three in the morning, and arrives at the dairy, in Farringdon street, between three and four. The seals are then carefully examined, and taken off by a clerk. [illegible] called "milkmen," all wearing the badge of Friern Park Dairy, their cans are filled, and sealed as before, and carry them on their early rounds, to be in time for the early-breakfast people. The late-breakfasts are provided by a second set of men.

Such are the facts we have ascertained with regard to one of the largest of the great dairy farms near London.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

TOBACCO IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The cultivation of tobacco has never been carried on to so great an extent in Pennsylvania as at this season. The high prices which good Pennsylvania tobacco commanded last year has given this impetus to its cultivation, and caused many persons to engage in it who never before attempted it. The most extravagant sums have been paid for land, to be used for raising tobacco. In some sections of Lancaster county as much as seventy-five dollars per acre has been asked and freely given. The present indications are, that the growing crop will not be an average one, and consequently there must be heavy losses to the farmers. With a few exceptions, all the fields we have seen give poor promise of a good yield. We hope, however, that the balance of the season will prove more propitious, and that the crop will be an average one at least.—*Pennsylvania Farmers' Journal.*

WHITE BLACKBERRIES.—A few weeks since, when passing through the cultivated grounds of the Messrs. Needham, in West Dedham, which have yielded such an abundance of delicious strawberries the present season, our attention was attracted to some luxuriant bushes, about four feet in height, which we were told yielded a berry—called the white blackberry. To-day we have been kindly favored by the gentlemanly proprietors with a box of this fruit matured. It is not actually white, but more white than *black*, resembling in appearance and taste the fruit of the mulberry quite as much as the blackberry. The luxuriant growth and abundant produce of this shrub make it desirable to be cultivated by those who are ambitious of supplying a variety of the best fruits of the season.—*Boston Traveller.*

MANAGING TOMATOES.—There exists in the mode of cultivation a great difference of opinion with regard to the best method of managing the tomato. Some tie them upon bushes, while most people allow theirs to take their chances. Now, my method is to cultivate until the vines get large enough to begin to spread, then to hoe the ground over fresh, and cover the entire surface, one or two inches thick at least, with clean straw. This proves beneficial in keeping down the weeds, in retaining moisture, and in keeping the fruit perfectly clean. I tried the above method last year, at the suggestion of a friend, and was perfectly satisfied with the result.—*New England Farmer.*

EGGS IN ENGLAND.—Eggs of hens, ducks, and other poultry, commonly eaten as food in the kingdom (Great Britain) are, in point of quantity, almost incredible. The aggregate number cannot be less than 1,500,000,000 or 75,000 tons, and the value, at the lowest prices, £3,000,000. Ireland produces nearly 100,000,000, and the continent of Europe supplies us with 500,000,000 annually. These facts are perfectly unmistakable.—*English Paper.*

Varieties.

CULTIVATING PEARLS.—Pearls are deposited by the interior part of shell-fish, which may be made to deposit this in the form of drops or globules, instead of spreading it naturally over the inner surface of the shell. This art of causing the pearl oyster to deposit its secretion in this way, has long been known to the Chinese, who have practised it with great success and very considerable profit, producing by its means pearls of good size. The celebrated Linneus discovered the method of effecting this, and is said to have disposed of the knowledge to some of the pearl-dealers for a considerable sum. Almost every species of bivalve shell-fish secretes this matter more or less plentifully. The unio of our fresh-water streams, or common fresh-water clams, often produce very pretty pearls.

The great secret of making these creatures deposit pearls, is to disturb the natural process, by placing a small piece of pearl next to the shell and the mantle or membrane that covers the body. This forms a nucleus, and is made to increase by the deposit of pearly matter over it.

The Encyclopaedia Britannica gives the following as the method of producing pearls:—"The shell is to be opened with great care, to avoid injuring the animal, and a small portion of the internal surface of the shell is scraped off. In its place is inserted a spherical piece of mother-of-pearl, about the size of small shot or grain. This serves as a nucleus, on which is deposited the pearly fluid, and which in time forms a pearl.

WHAT IS GOD?—In an early meeting of one of the committees of the Westminster Assembly, the subject of deliberation was to frame an answer to the question, "What is God?" Each man felt the unapproachable sublimity of the divine idea suggested by these words; but who could venture to give it expression in human language? All shrank from the too sacred task, in awe-struck, reverential fear. At length it was resolved, as an expression of the committee's deep humility, that the youngest member should make the first attempt. He consented; but begged that the brethren first unite with him in prayer for divine enlightenment. Then in slow, solemn accents, he thus began his prayer:—"O God, thou art a spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in thy being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth." When he ceased, the first sentence of his prayer was immediately written down and adopted, as the most perfect answer that could be conceived; as, indeed, in a very sacred sense, God's own answer, descriptive of himself. This individual, it is supposed, was George Gillespie.

A LETTER TO ROYALTY.—The following is a literal copy of a letter sent by Adam Bryden, a farmer residing at Hawick, to George IV.—There was some delay in the delivery, but it reached the royal hand:—"Dear Sir—I went thirty miles yesterday on foot to pay your taxes; and, after all, the bodies would not take them, saying that I was too late, and that now they must be recovered by regular course of law. I thought if you were like me, money would never come wrong to you, although it was a few days too late; so I enclose you £27 in notes and half-guineas, which is the amount of what they charge me for the last half year, and fourteen pence half-penny over; you must send me a receipt when the coach comes back, else they will not believe that I have paid you. Direct to the care of Mr. Andrew Wilson, butcher, in Hawick. I remain, dear sir, your very humble servant, ADAM BRYDEN. August 6, 1829. P. S. This way of taxing farmers will never do; you will see the upshot. To His Majesty George Rex, London."

☞ DUELLING.—A Neapolitan nobleman fought fourteen duels to prove that Dante was a greater poet than Ariosto. At his death-bed a confessor, who was a great admirer of Ariosto, desired him to acknowledge the superiority of this poet. "Father," answered the dying nobleman, "to tell you the truth, I never *read* either Dante or Ariosto." Were the causes of many of our modern duels examined, it would appear that those engaged in them could assign no better reason for risking their lives than this Neapolitan nobleman.

For Housekeepers.

MAKING VINEGAR.—It is a general opinion that cider makes the best vinegar, and it is probably the best substance generally used for this purpose; but maple sap is superior to cider for vinegar. The juice of blackberries makes a very superior vinegar for table use, retaining the beautiful color and fine aroma of the fruit. The juice of the little wild red cherry, and many other small fruits, make excellent table vinegar. In the days of our childhood, in a new country, all the vinegar used in the family was made from the wild fruits, or from the sap of the maple.—And in this respect there has been no improvement in the quality of vinegar, but a deterioration.—*N. E. Farmer.*

BLACKBERRY PIE.—Ripe blackberries will not bear washing; pick them over nicely, dredge them with flour, mix with them (for one pie) four or five large table-spoonfuls of fine sugar—four, if you use white sugar, five if you use brown; turn them into a deep dish (a soup plate) lined with paste, dredge flour over them, cover with the same paste, wet and pinch together the edges of the paste, cut a slit in the top crust through which the steam can escape, and bake 45 minutes.—*Mrs. Bliss.*

TO MAKE GOOD CORN GRIDDLE CAKES.—Take a pint and a half of boiling sweet milk or water, stir in meal enough to make a thin batter, cool this by adding a little cold water, then add a table-spoonful of yeast, a little flour, and molasses if you like it sweet, then again stir in meal, and thicken to the consistency of thin batter, let it stand fifteen minutes in a warm place to rise, and when light stir in a teaspoonful of saleratus, and bake quickly. Try for yourselves.—*Ohio Cultivator.*